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M. K. RAINA RATNAKAR

INTRUDED MOORINGS

THE KASHMIR PERSPECTIVE

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"Atma Swarupa is true way of realising the true God, Parmatama Swarupa"

"God is Omnipotent and Omnipresent. Give up fanaticism and narrow Communal outlook; and do not observe any distinction between a Hindu and a Muslim . If you are endowed with wisdom, you should then realise God ."

These utterances ascribed to Lal Ded or Laleswari, as she was commonly known to Hindus and Muslims of Kashmir, respectively envelop the message of her time - that of the synthesis of Hindu and Islamic thought on the social and spiritual planes - that remains permanent .

Lal Ded who was born in sixties or seventies of fourteenth century welcomed all castes and creeds into her fold and nurtured mutual respect between the Hindus and the Muslims and the high and the low . God is the god of Hindus as well as of the Muslims and the differences of caste or creed, birth or position are completely superficial.

"The time is coming when seven generations will sink to hell, when untimely showers of rain and dust will fall, when plates of flesh and wine-cups Brahmins and sweepers will take together ."

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The Kashmir Perspective

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Acc. No....5655....
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5655

Illustrations :

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UTPAL PUBLICATIONS
New Delhi

CC-OAgamnigam Digital Preservation
Foundation , Chandigarh

Gandhi Memorial College Of Education Bantalab Jammu

Utpal Publications
2nd Floor, Khaneja Complex,
R-22, Shakarpur, New Delhi-110092.

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Illustrations :
Gokul Dembi
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ISBN :- 81-85217-09-2
First Edition : 1997.

Cover design : Gokul Dembi, S J Sultan
Designed & Typeset : *Sagar Reprographics*, 4743/23, Ansari Road, New Delhi-110 002.
Printed by : *Agam Printing Service*, New Delhi-110032.

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Preservation Foundation, Chandigarh

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The Author Speaks

In this slim volume I have tried to communicate a few musings in verse which have obsessed my mind for the last few years. The idea being to strive to express something of my deep feeling for the Valley of Kashmir and her people. This body of verse may open your eyes to many things which you thought you knew and felt you should have known but did not.

While on one hand all of us are aware of the fact that the terrorist violence in Valley of Kashmir which has taken birth some six years ago is overtly and covertly supported from across the border and carried on by the fundamentalist forces in the Valley, the victims of which had to face arson, murder; molestation and rape leading ultimately to their abandoning the Valley only to come to know later of the unauthorised occupation or incineration of their property there: on the other hand this also is true that generally in the past the Valley of Kashmir, inspite of many political upheavals has presented a unique picture of land where unity transcended racial, religious, linguistic and cultural diversities. Since the dawn of history - innumerable people, conquerors and missionaries came here and settled down making this land as their adopted home. Intense and slow migrations from this land have taken place previously also but in normal times, the people of this land have always shown a reluctance to migrate. To them, the outside world was always inferior to the Valley. The

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Hindus, the Buddhists, the Huns, the Muslims, the Mughals, the Pathans, the Sikhs and the Dogras have ruled this land from time to time respectively but despite this, the Valley has always remained a well-knit and a homogenous state and politically a consolidated and dynamic country.

Hinduism and Buddhism flourished here side by side and when Islam came, it deeply influenced the life and culture of people and got absorbed in them. The best was brought about in the people of this land by these diverse cultures and creeds and from these diversities evolved a synthesis of art and life.

Influences of various civilisations and cultures have mingled here amiably. Elements of Hellinstic, Chinese, Iranian and Indian art and culture which flowed from diverse directions converged here and then the Valley in her own turn disseminated its own culture to other countries across her hilly borders. The adaptability has been the fundamental feature of the people of this land.

I often wonder that inspite of these deep rooted vital unifying tendencies in the cultural texture of the Valley, how does any one of us think of the division of this land or the division of its people, if and when the conditions normalise.

13th Feb; 1997 **M.K. Raina Ratnakar**

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Acknowledgements

I must express my deep gratitude to my wife, Mrs Lalita Raina (Dhar) who lent me a helping hand at various stages of the preparation of this book and to my brother Mr R. L. Raina without whose help and guidance I would not have been able to complete my work. I owe my debt to Mr Gokul Dembi, Prof. Sant Ji Sultan and Mr Neeraj Bakshi without whose illustrations I would not have been able to communicate effectively. I also wish to express profound gratitude to my friends who have constantly encouraged me.

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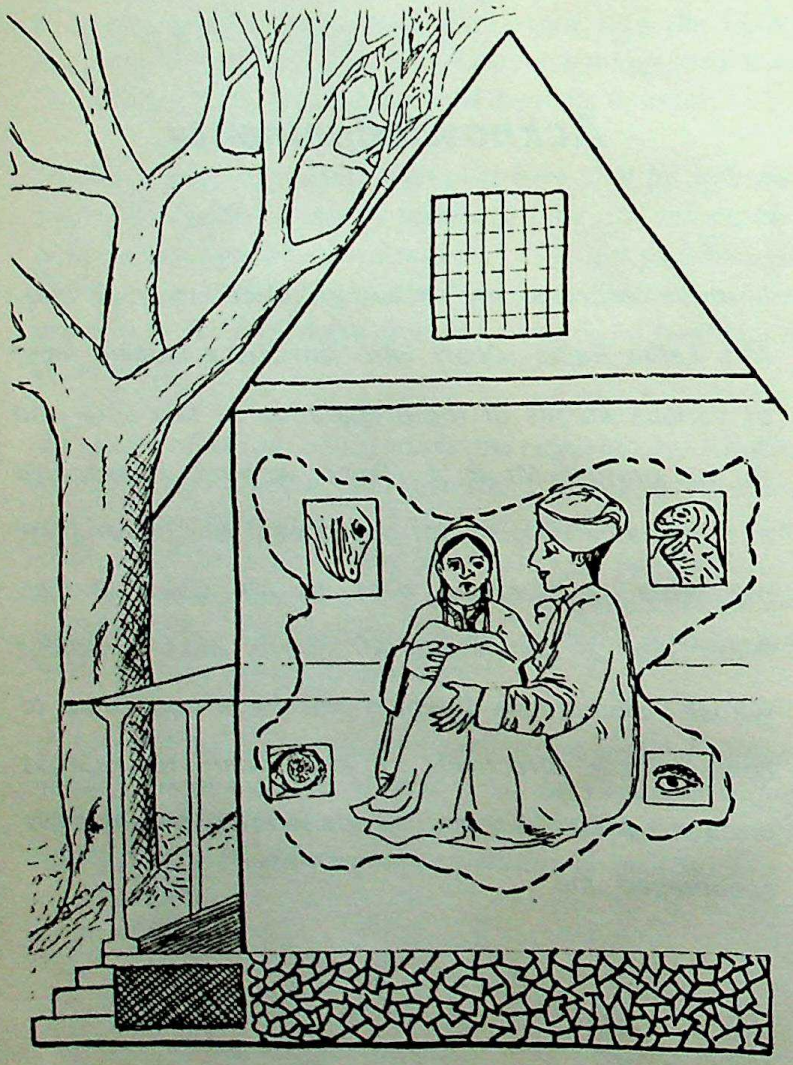

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1

My Home

My Home
Where the dawn sprinkles hue
And the wind smells of incense
Where the music is so enchanting
Even the divine relish in queue
Where the stones speak
And their words in rhythmical tones
Mean spirituality;
Where the chirping of my little ones
Ripples harmoniously
The language of a maiden in love!
Where to understand the speech
*Of "**Dayat Raze**" the Care taker*
Needs the pure and the elevated.

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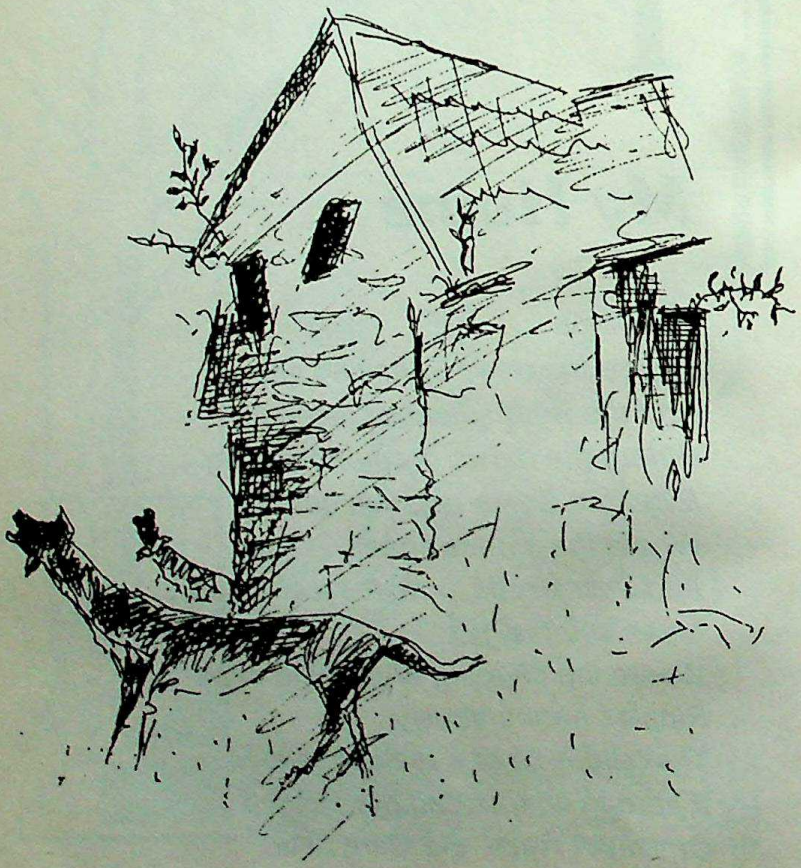

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This Home of mine
Braving all the buffets!
No way hostile!
Hugging and loving me!
Paints
The Serene view of Shankaracharaya hill
From the chair I repose in! and
The Hari Parbhat
From atop my Home I climb
The placid Dal-Lake
From the apex of my
High rise Home.
In sum
Wherever I glance
From my Home
Something of Me is there!

My Home, my sweet Home!
Where I was born;
My thumb impressions
Still stamped on
The feeding bottle;
Books and the euclids,
Colour TV, VCP and Two-in-one,
Every saratoga stiffed with
Shawls, silk, merchandise
And garments precious!
Door-panels and window-panes
Stare with eyes haughty!

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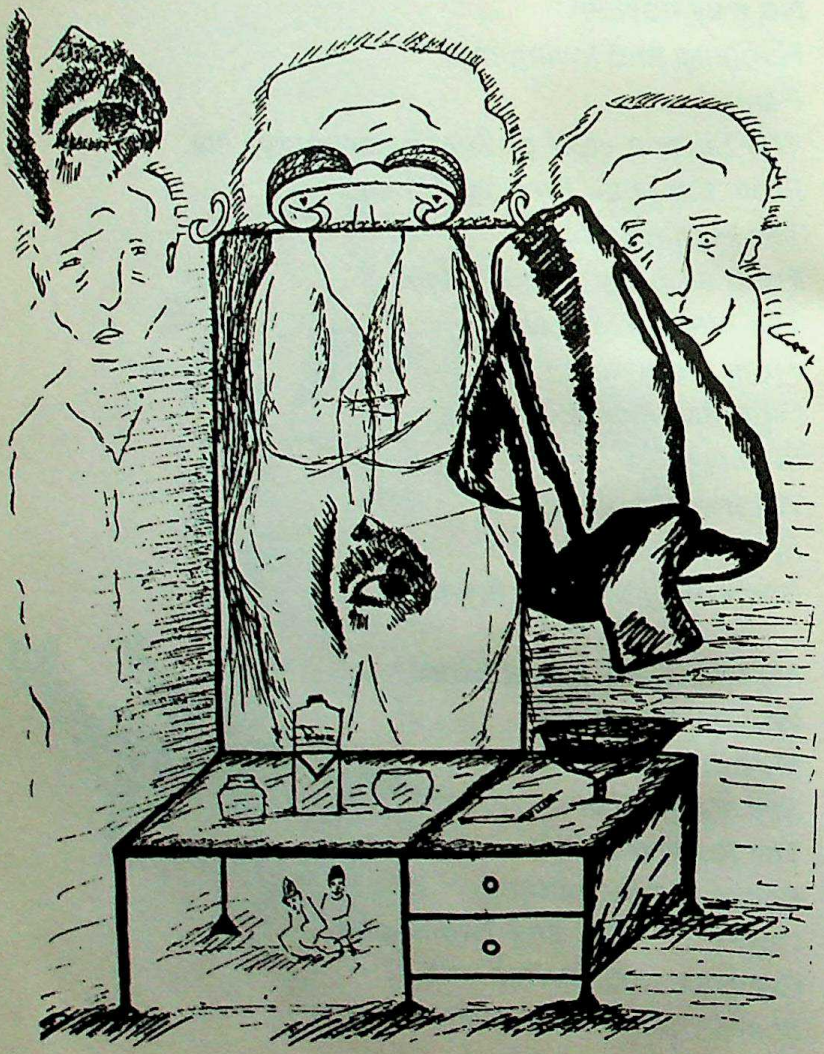

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Why
Sweet Home, my Home
Is nude, bereft ?
But the mirror in my room
Does present my likeness!
Bears witness to all acts
Of Intrusions Larceny.
When asked to narrate
The nightmares
Discharges the office loyally!

Home, Ah! my Home
A bomb exploding in my hand!
My Home
Thou have torn me apart
Thee bade
Good-Bye when!
Confiding, "Not to be back
Cling to safety
Feel no longer pained
Still love-lorn I am"
A world lies within my Home
Unseen, unknown, unheard!
No mortal ordinary dares encroach
My Home!
A freedom lies in my Home
Freedom, sovereign and stately,
Which no other Home
Can own!

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In my Home
I see now
The Satan work-shop operative!
The apparition of my grand parents
Viewing the scenario
Mutely but sordidly!
I can see
A blind eagle
Far in the sky above
Malevolently designing to
Subjugate my Home, my parental legacy
Under its paws!
My chest is heavy with gloom,
And tears well up in my eyes!
Far, far away, I find
My Home
Dwindling from my eyes.

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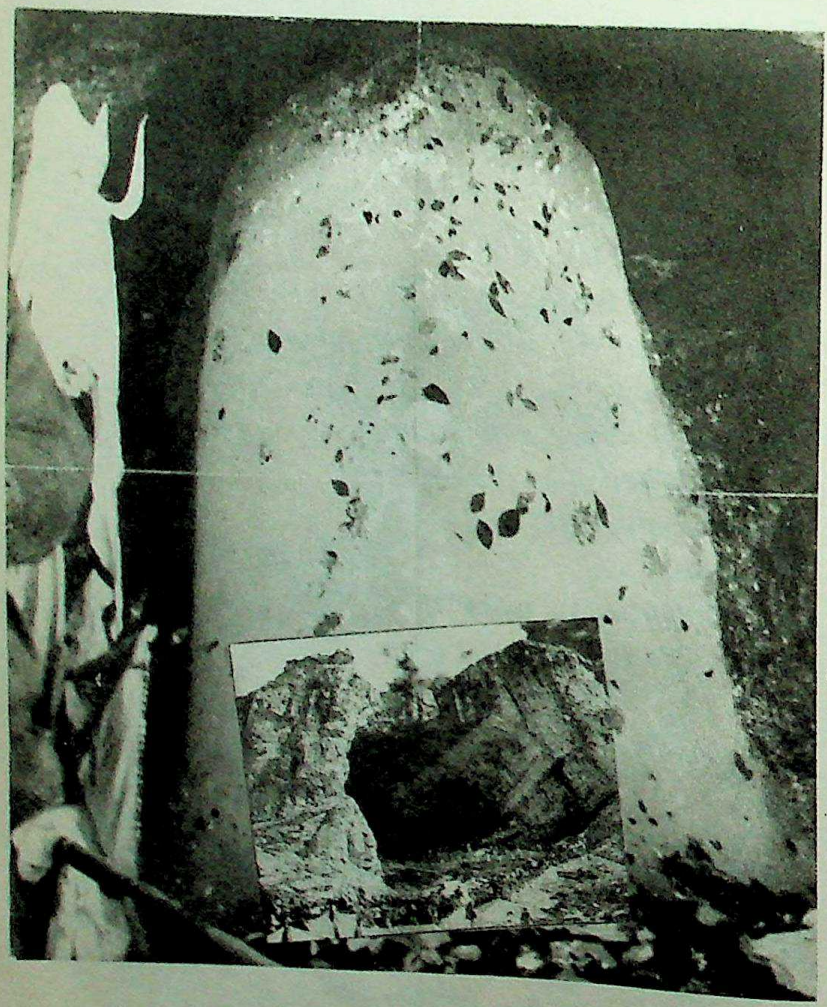

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2

Kashmir in Foil

Kashmir,
This was my Kashmir,
Where
Way of Life
Based on healthy notions
And instincts
Put no veil
On free social life
Folk songs
Of Rites, Rituals, Festivities, Celebrations
Were same
For all in common;
Customs, Rituals, Beliefs, Legends
Were pregnant with immense wealth
Of common myths in both;
Common likes and dislikes,
Common wants and desires,
Common urges for growth and development,
Formed basis
For fundamental unity of Kashmiris.

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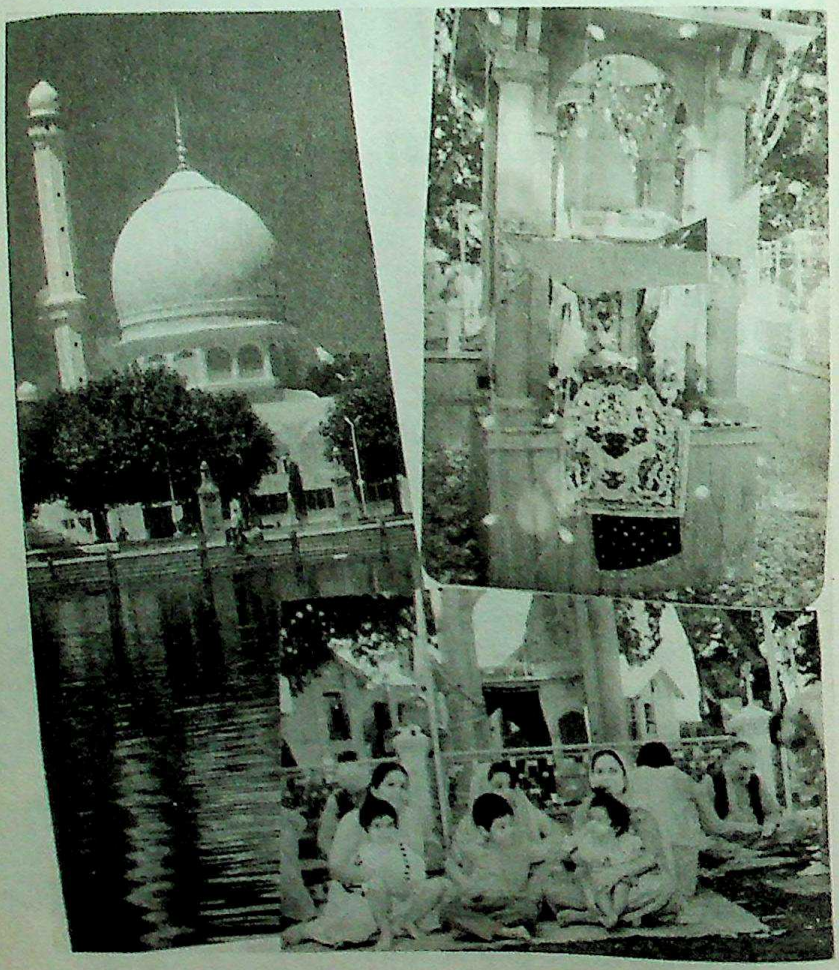

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Kashmir,
This was my Kashmir
Where
Both religious-minded
Saintly in character
Revered equally
Teachings of Hindu scriptures
And Islamic code
Festivals
Eid & Shab-i-Barat,
Shivratri, Diwali, Ram-Navmi
Were functions of
Social intercourse
For both
As a gesture of unity.

Kashmir,
This was my Kashmir
Where even today
Shrines & Memorials
Of Sadhus & Sanyasis
Aulias and Peers
Are sacred to both.
Khanqah-i-Moulla, the mosque
Of Shah-i-Hamdan,
At the site of goddess Kali,
Ganesha, Bhawani at Hari Parbat
Shoulder to Shoulder
With Maqdoom Sahab

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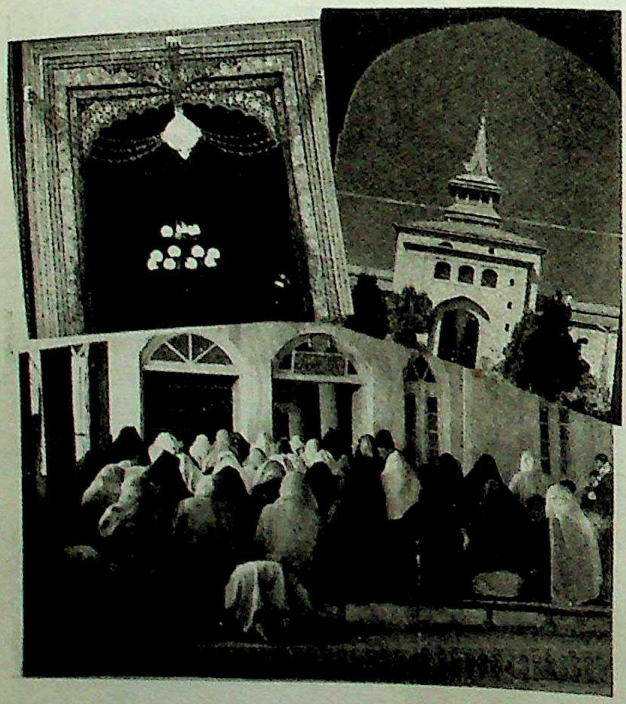

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Are revered by Hindus
As much as by Muslims.
The miraculous supernatural powers
Of these common places of worship
Attract
From far and near,
The poor and the wealthy
Handicapped and not so
Ailing and healthy
For
Paying homage
Or
Getting a wish fulfilled.

Kashmir,
This was my Kashmir
Where
Zain-ul-Abdin-The Budshah
As he was commonly known
Like Ashoka the Great
After codifying the laws of Kashmir
Engraved-them in public places
To enlighten his subjects
And
By the pious pilgrimage to Amarnath
And
Occasional visits to Hindu Shrines
Ingrained the spirit of love and toleration.

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Kashmir,
This was my Kashmir,
Where
Poets like Azad and Parmanand
Rising above religious dogmas
Preached
Concord and fraternity
And
Universal harmony;
Where Mehjur and Krishan Joo
Carolled the
Musings of eternal
Unity and peace
Free from strife and savagery
Where Laleshwari and
Habba Khatoon
Sang divinity
And pangs of love;
Emanating healing touch
And embalming in nature;
This was my Kashmir,
And will remain so
And survive the whirling of destruction wrought
By minds wicked.

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3

The Vale of Beautitude

Like an enthralling queen,
Never has the spring been more glorious,
The roses and daisies more fragrant,
Sunshine more radiant and joyful
In any other land
Than in the Valley of Paradise Kashmir.

The garden of eternal hues,
Heaven of sight and sound,
Thy bounties rich and munificent
The world over!
The countries can scarce
Vie with Thee,
The sun has never shone so caressingly,
A dream of loveliness,
In glorious terms
As on Thee, my hearts Recess
Are thou the
Valley of Kashmir!

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A delightful flower-vale
Heart expanding heritage of art and culture,
Sheltered by narrow mountain passes
And towering ranges of Korakarm
And the Himalayas,
The land of variegated beauties,
Perennial snows and picturesque vistas,
The emerald meadows and luxuriant orchards,
Verdant leas & majestic hills,
Shady chinars & rustling pines,
Thy bosom creative joy of life & beauty
Inspires imagination & bliss
To set the chords of heart attune.

In spring
Thine hills & dales light up
By a banquet of sweet scented blossoms
And
A mass of colours runs riot in your lap.

In rains
Glistening drops
Carpet your meadows in emerald.

In autumn
Bedimmed with weather's weary chase
Thou are a flame of pale-ochre colour.

And in winter
When your peaks are covered with snow

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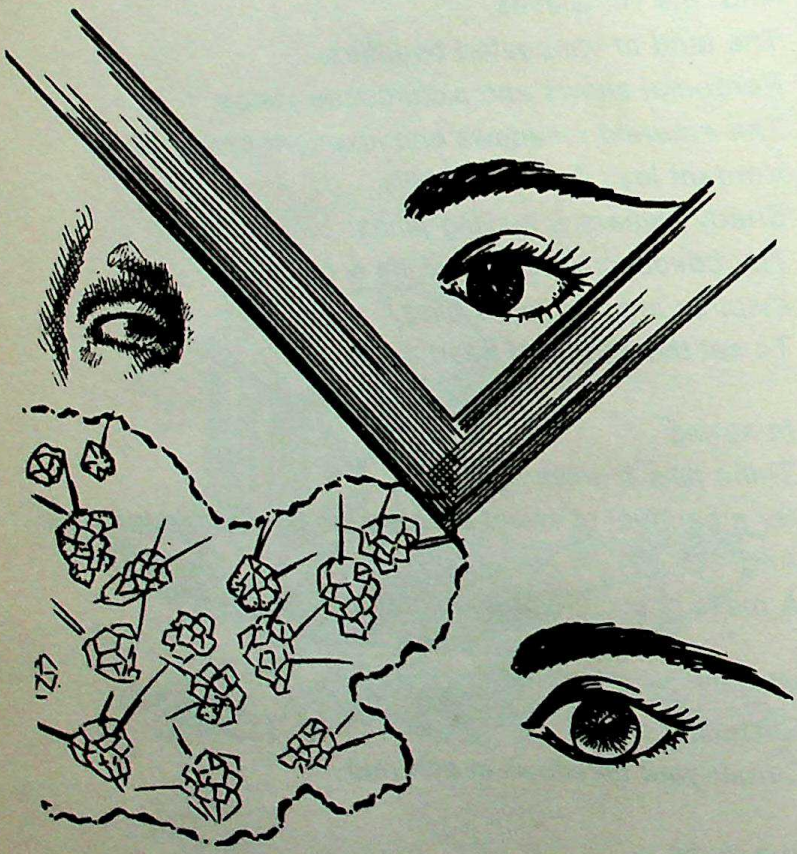

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You put on
A thick mantle
Of bearly white fur
Covering the dead & dying leaves.

Spring to winter
You
The vale of everlasting allurements
Enchant those
Who seek in your bosom
Solace born of beauty
Always longed for
And always craved for.

In the eyes
Of thy neighbours
Who crave to subjugate thee
That is why
You are preyed upon time and again ?

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4

Reminiscences

As I take a ride down the memory lane
My heart gets filled with gloom,
Tears well up in my eyes,
I find myself an alien here !

The youth falling like ninepins,
In mute spectacle of death !
Far removed am I from the gory scene,
I find myself an alien here !

Desires remaining unfructified,
Aspirations getting sacrificed,
Ominous, threatening vultures sweeping above,
I find myself an alien here !

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Great purposes getting unfolded !
Great purposes, Oh! getting slaughtered !
The human ogre devouring apace,
I find myself an alien here !

Wanton ghoulish game galore,
Let-loose by diabolical human design,
Brute force hold dread sway,
I find myself an alien here !

Great purposes a-scatter !
Noble cause abased !
Wait I in silent rage !
I find myself an alien here !

My vale beckons to me,
And gesticulates and eyes me !
Whither the deserted folksong !
I find myself an alien here !

Ah! The Yusmarg steep I cherish !
I long for thee my pleasance !
Whither thy silent beauty, my heart's Queen !
I find myself an alien here !

Sullied, tarnished and deflowered,
Or, Virgin, untouched, unused ?
But thine wails I hear here,
I find myself an alien here !

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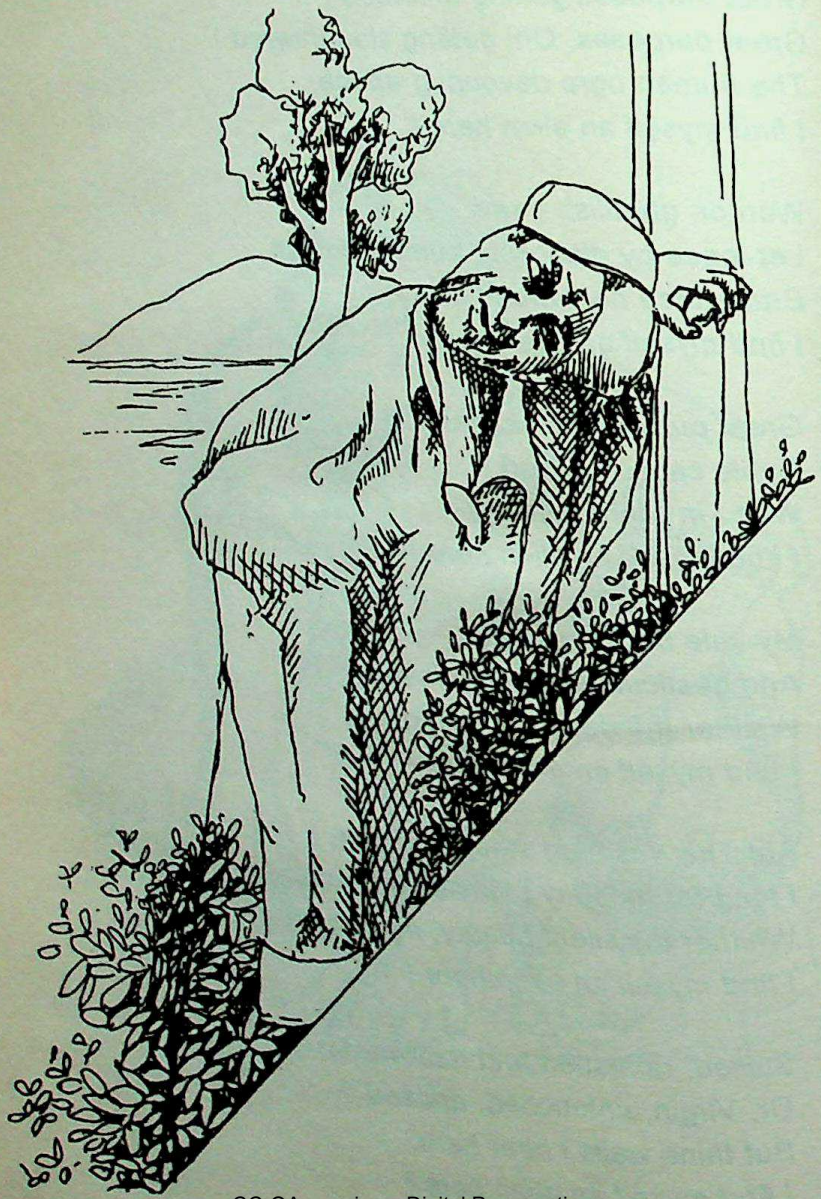

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My beauteous lasses, hearken
To carol mine, thou art
Precious, the moon of my delight,
I find myself an alien here !

The black ravenous dogs howl !
Utter Dismay, Peril, and the Dark
Around, values, getting trampled !
I find myself an alien here !

Nature I did then discern radiant,
A gleam of ogle & amour around,
Stink, miasma, pain and frown Now,
I find myself an alien here !

I reminisce, I remember,
My past gay & refulgent !
I hug thee, my beloved haunt,
I find myself an alien here !

I will transport to thee !
I will trip to thee,
Though tripped, come what may,
I find myself an alien here !

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5

My Vale

Vale, mine vale, is wailing,
A Broken Heart of Virgin
Weeping, serenading to keep
Encapsulated Her love, Her hope
Who stands wrested from Her
Amorous clasp; she laments,
I lament, where our
Rendezvous, O, where?

This Vale, bedecked, fragrant
And proud, majestic and defiant
Tryst of sempiternal peace
Of tranquility, of sun and
Shower, verdure,
Turf and twilight; who weaned
Me from my Mother's Bosom ?
Who tore asunder the
Garland of my hope ?

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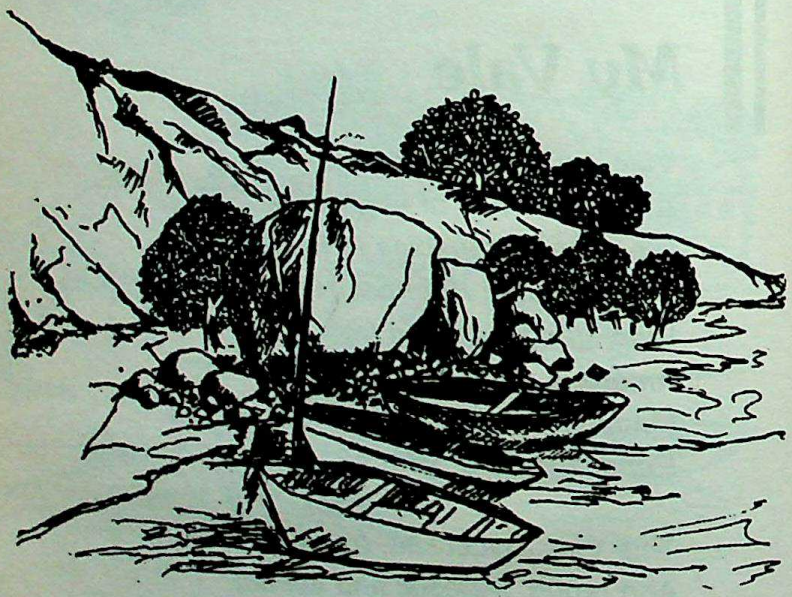

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Your progeny in wilderness
Thrown, bereft of education;
Employment; children
Of thine suffering galore
In exile; You look mute
And non-chalant
Beaten and cane charged
For cause just and genuine.

The celebrated Intellectuals
Of thine making themselves
Felt world-wide.
Can we be erased, effaced,
Annihilated ? No, No,
Never, Never, Never,
Like Sun in the welkin
Our dazzle eclipse, but
Dazzle we do.

Would that Eve's bosom
Hug me again; Loosen Her
Sullied and tarnished
Hair plethora; denude
Her bruised breasts
For me to balm and heal ;
I Cherish thee, I
Treasure thee,
Scavenge thee lashwise.

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6

My Breezy Chinar

It fell from its habitat,
Sobbing, sighing, wrested
From its mooring, the verdurous leaf,
Its silken thread torn apiece !

Methinks, I being one of the
Ramifications, tremulous golden,
Meet the same fate,
The ding-dong of the doom !

To return ? To return to my nest
Which constrained was I to forsake !
But I summon my trembling temerity
To regain wrested by hands bathed in blood !

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My Chinar, my sprawling Chinar
The king of trees, the crown of verdure !
To me Soothing, Caressing, Healing
Is now Bony, Threadbare, Deciduous per force !

But death is death, Inevitable,
Forced or natural, cruel or tranquil,
Leaves ! shoots ! felled; one by one
To dust to descend and get lost !

But hunch have I, of Recovery :
Of Reclamation, of giant retrieval !
Bear I and my Units the Cross
Patiently, yet afire for Life's Sap.

My Holiest of holy Shrines,
My Life-breath, my Bhavani,
Is glum ! glum ? Waters in
Rage, the dispenser of ruth !

And the Vitasta, the flow from
Afar ! stands fouled !
The carrion floating free,
The banks yield to erosion.

The fine raging holocaust rampant
Man foisted misery and devastation free !
But I will not, knuckle not
And get martyred to cause of thee !

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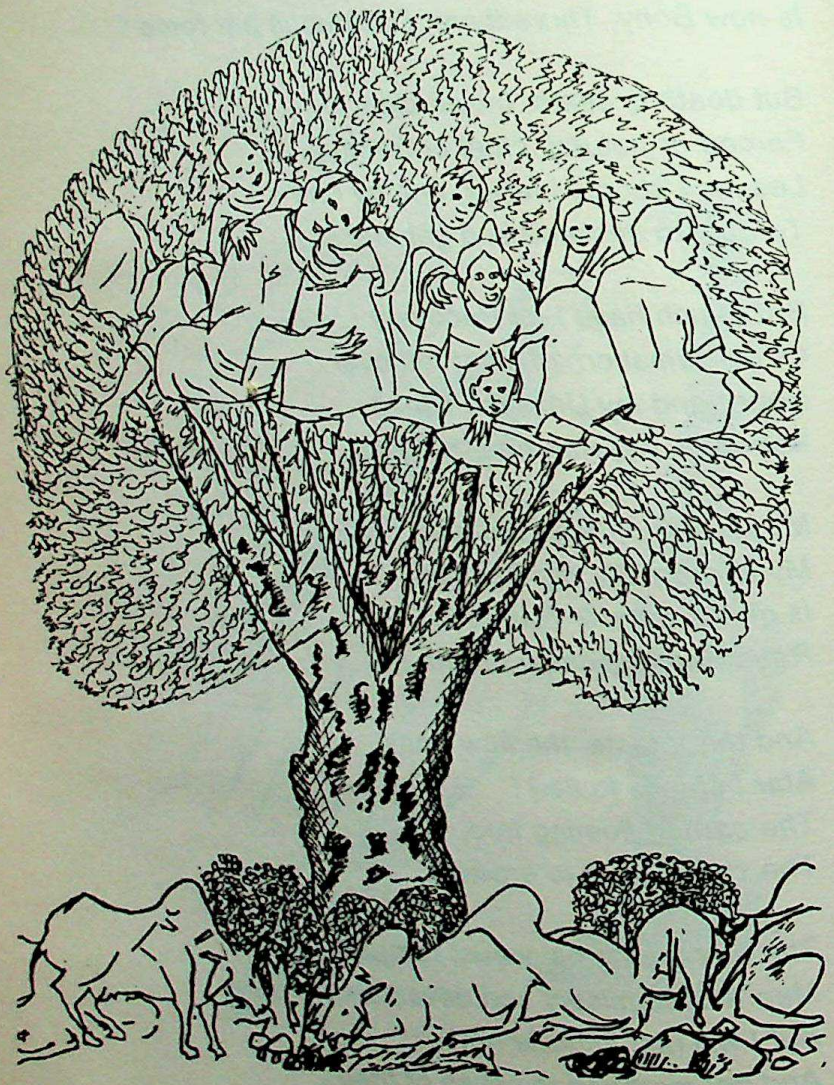

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Rape and Rapine, Seductive Voyeur
Galore; murder and mayhem around;
Mute spectators of the slaughter spree !
Who does put up with it, with it - save Thee ?

But nowise I forget - forget not !
For forgetting implies repetition !
I remember, remember in full
The devastation forced umpteen skull !

But I stop not, consumed by
Fire within, I rue and lament !
And to offset the wrongs
I shall stand, subsist and salvage !

Into oblivion I shall not throw
The disintegration of my sprawling Chinar !
The shady, refulgent, breeezy Chinar
The celestial, heavenly, Chinar ! enlivening.

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7

Longing

Āshaṅkā,
How I crave being together
At that campus of the vale !

Do thee hear me,
Where art thou now,
What is it like being in the vale,
How dost life
Pass
From day to day, there,
With none to witness from here
The stark truth that merits witness ?

A few memories of the vale !
A few glances at
Thee and others as thou !
That is only my version
Of the day !

Writing and broadcasting has
Neared me to friends !
But verily
Has separated me from thee
For the last year plus five !

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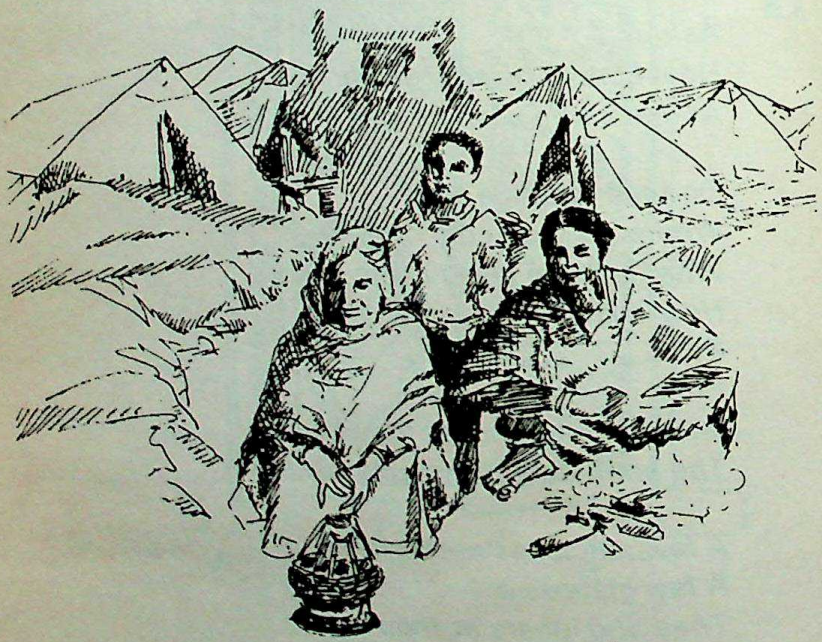

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Never have I felt
A single morning
Sans the blasting agonies
Over destitute camps
At the bus-stop,
At the campus,
And the rented accommodations
Meeting our fate !

Indulging in
Complacent foolishness
I fume and fret
And forget
The miles and miles that lie between
Thee and me !
And
On the street
Where you cast at me stealthy glances !
I can only harbour
That you are not alone !

The wheel of time plies and plies,
But no futurity harsh and cruel
Can blur
My memories
Of the vale,
Of the campus,
The cool breeze
And thee, my valentine

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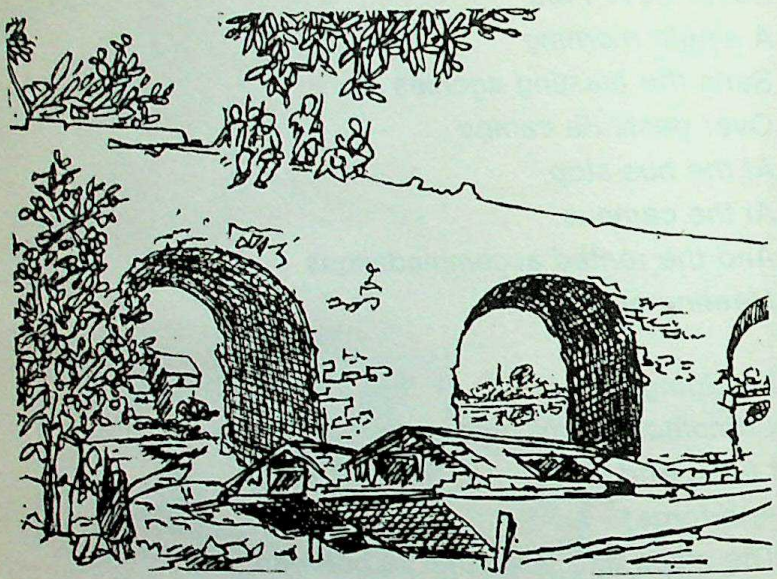

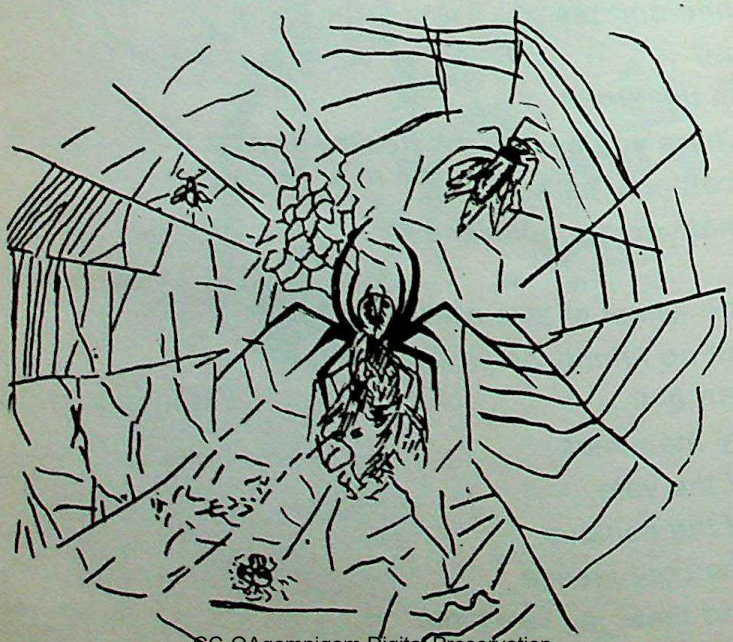

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8

Resolution

Dear Mine ! dear young lad
Why opted thee for the cage
Which shuts thee to Confinement
Darkling, desolate thou become !

The sunny glistening sportsfield
That gladdened thee, enthused thee,
Made you mercurial, O, lithe and buxom
Why-thee it abandoned, glum thou become !

Beauteous, gay, springald
Thine is not the path to plaint
Your rubescence fading is killing,
Smothering, pallorish thou become !

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Dear chubby boy,
Agape the crocodile fangs,
Come not between the dragon and his teeth,
Care on thee writ large, weary thou become !

Dear gullible, innocent mine,
Bid is on to strangle thee !
Tread thy path, but no path free !
Total dark, and lost thou become !

Wanton mine ! carefree then,
Care-worn now, tears
Welter of confusion, bright
Thine future, but pensive thou become !

Long six years dismal affair !
Shuddering, macabre years !
Sighs, lamentations, despair
Encompassing, lugubrious thou become !

Wish thee trimuph and Joy ;
The grit to ride roughshod over
The forces of recalcitrance
And emerge recharged, doleful mine !

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9

Gory Game

A gory game, murderous spree,
Bestial human Carnage, gruesome way,
No, no, divine, but man thrust decree,
Should humans turn to macabre way ?

Should ravage and rapine hold sway ?
Should men perish by cattle size ?
Ah ! slaughter and strangulation by day,
Vulpine numbers marauding in guise !

Felled by gun, hospital to repaired
A dying, groaning living corpse !
Death, stalking, doctors the body bared
One, two, three - thirteen -
Ah ! death shrieks hearse !

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And, Lo ! the fallen, felled youth apparition now !
Laid low, descended to dust, Ah ! hapless one !
Who tore the tassel of his life enow,
Who did his once-fecund home turn sapless !

A ghoulish spree, a cut - throat spree !
A wanton decree, a hire - ling decree !
Into shreds tore the divine image
On pittance took to deadly carnage !

Kidney pierced eye gouged !
Ambience with stunning terror filled !
Torture and eerie with the time doused,
The surface balance in dreary tilt !

Crony dead irate with crony !
Fanaticism holds repulsive sway !
Killed you me for what booty,
Ah ! tell me ere ends life's sortie !

Still and sepulchral am I !
But, yet hope I for a tryst
In life hereafter, date keep I
With thee, Thee, for moments gayest !

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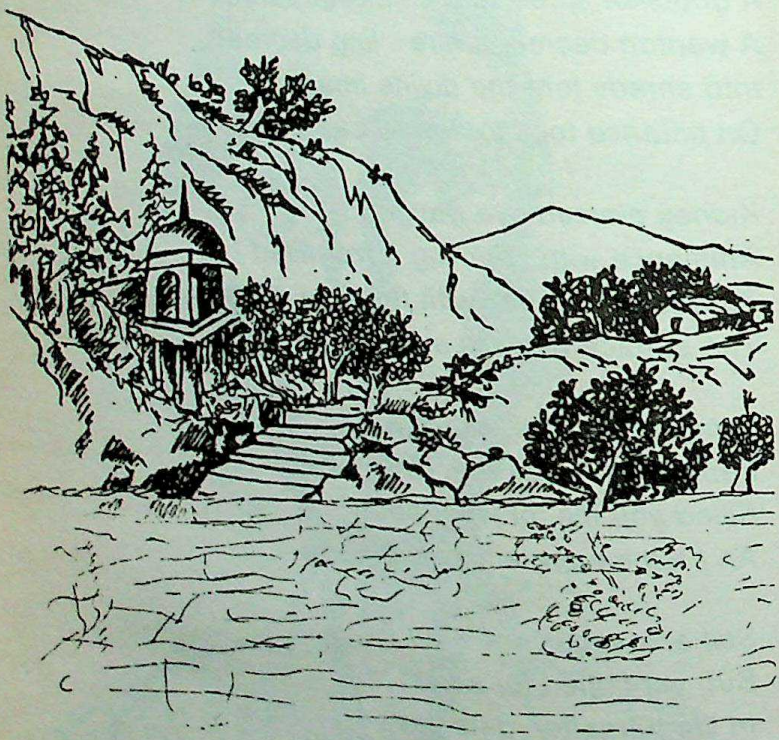

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10

Kashyap's Abode Defiled

The lake of virtuous women
Of the consort of Lord Shiva
Is once again
Bedevilled by
Pishachas, Nagas and Yakshas
And
Jaldev
Transformed into carnivore
Revels in carnage
Flouting the patronage of Brahma.

Rishis all round
Feel harrassed, annihilated
And
Their abode is gutted.

Why
Mother Sharika
Witnesses all this
Unconcerned
And does not reappear as Mynah
With a pebble in her beak
To smite the wicked demon,
To raise a Colossus
To save the Abode of Kashyap ?

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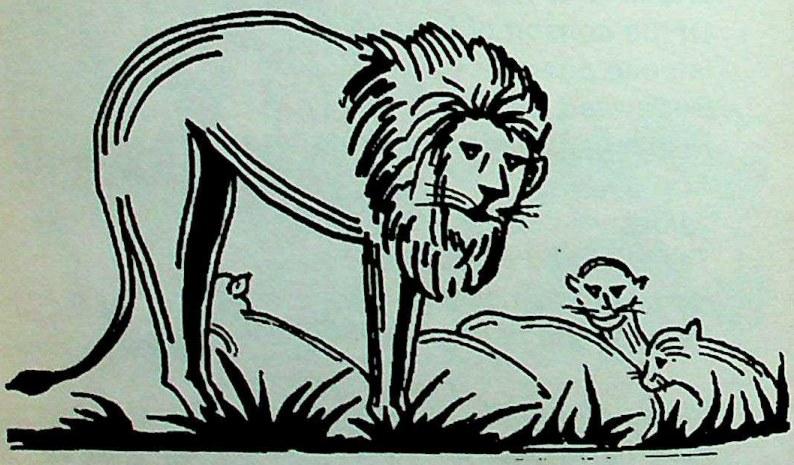

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11

Knavery

If
Life were
worth living !
If there were
No ghosts of knavery
To feast
On the food of reality
Could
One understand
His fake advisors
Pretending lamb-like
With bowed necks,
Meek out-look,
Soft speech,
Crediting
Scheming unction
To Isolate the important cogs :
Hovering for favours
Straying him from thinking just
And think
What they want him to think
Thus making the future bleak
Of the land
And its true Sons.

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12

Stench of Hatred

Recall
The time, when
I stared into your eyes
Begging to spare me,
It was my despair
To see you unresponsive, with
Murderous look on thy face.
My desire crumbled !
An imploration that
I was a human being
You rode roughshod over.
You grew beastly
And
Pumped a bullet
Unto my being
Felling me down dead.

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Your bestial nature
Could not countenance the
Dream of youth I
Had lodged within me.
You wretch broke
The bonds of mutual rapport
We had lived in.
Our fates had become inexplicably entwined
But thou action made
It wormwood and gall.
And,
In your turn now
You stare in my eyes
As if searching for a place to hide
Loaded as thou art with guilt conscience.
My dust kissed face,
Once an elegant specimen
Of grace and youthfulness
Views the load of sin
You carry with you.
There you stand
Bloody, bruised and defeated.

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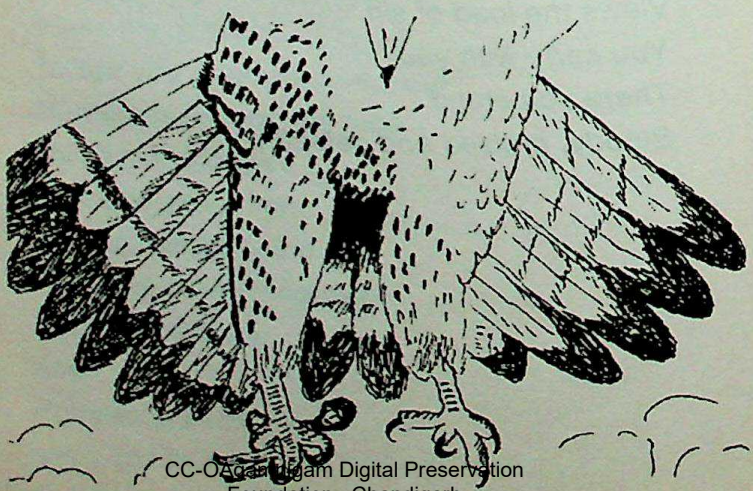

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13

Ghosts of Reality

No sooner
The night descends,
The owl flies
And flies untiringly
Over the lush green paddy fields,
The slanting meadows,
Pine forests, willow and eucalyptus,
King of trees, the Chinar
And its shrieks and cries
Cast a spell upon
All the urbanites and villagers,
The family members, young, old and
Even the God-fearing.

When the dawn approaches
The distant sigh of the nocturnal bird
In the horizon above
Baffles everyone
Till it disappears
High in the sky above
Making the mind blind to the faith of almighty.

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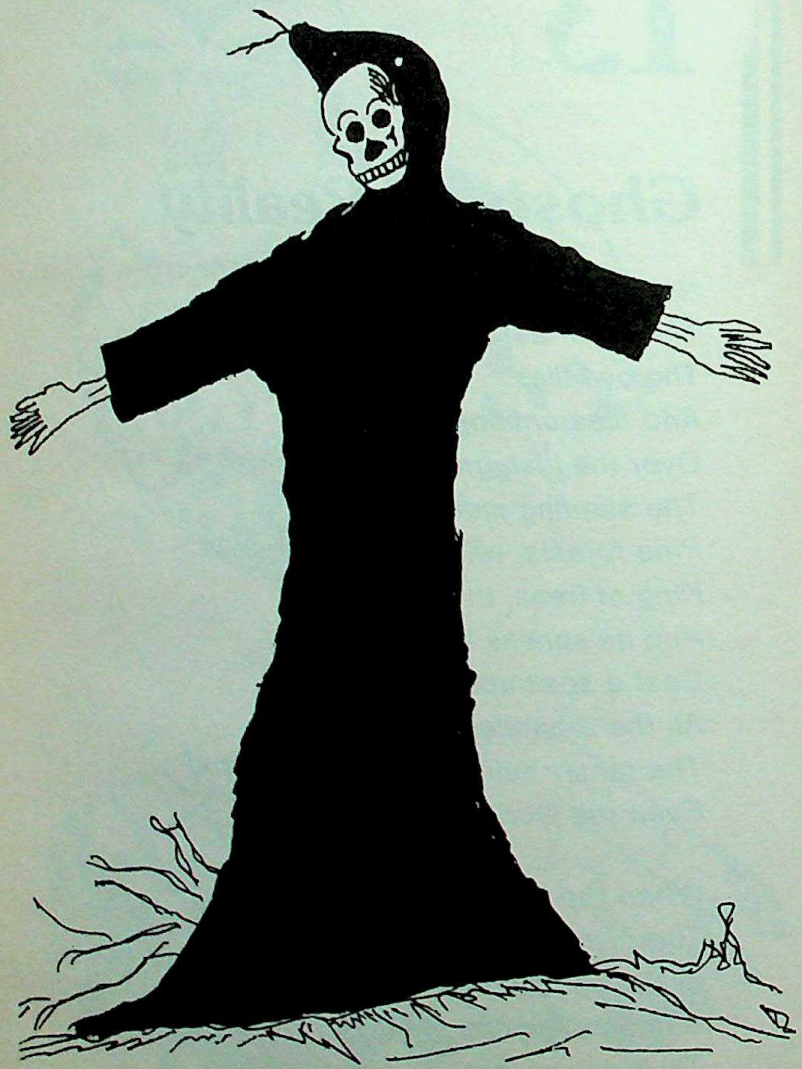

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In terrible instability
Knowledge becomes farce
Truth, a complete mockery
Boundries get erected by language, creed, caste
Brotherhood is incarcerated
Culture, custom and ceremony
Get drowned in tides of blood
Religion loses its sanctity
Fanaticism breeds
Murder becomes hobby
Power becomes the magic word
Man loses its humanity
The gloom bursts
And the freedom loses its meaning
What more ?
Despondence reigns supreme
And triggers open all the barricades
Into the hell.

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The root of violence
The hand of hatred
Dark heat
Blind light
Scream, pain, agony
Expecting a stop
Now at the approaching evening
Nay, probably there is no halt
But, again an eternal wait
For dawn to break
My eyes slumberless in despair
Pray for a streak of light
To spark the soul of my vale
To life and allow her
To rest in peace.

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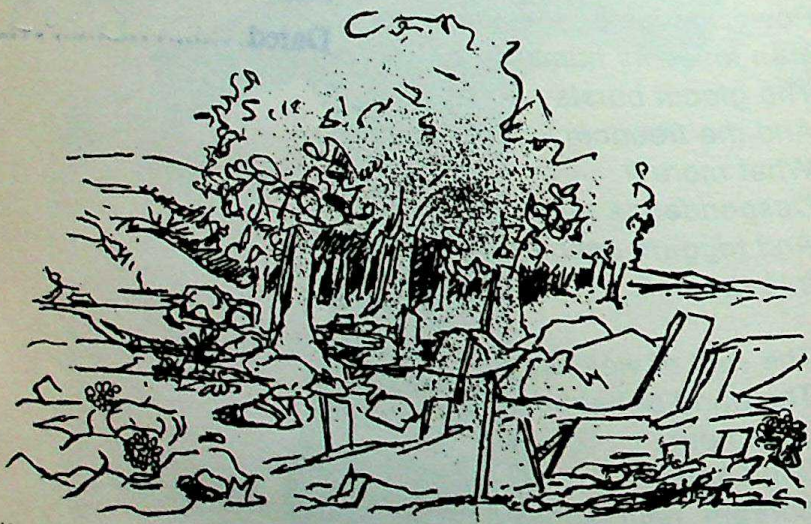

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14

The Autumn Chinar

I am an autumn Chinar
From a deep vermillon
Through tons of burnt sienna
My leaves turn to pale amber
And I mature to my full glory
That maturity
Which is an infinitely slow process
For me.

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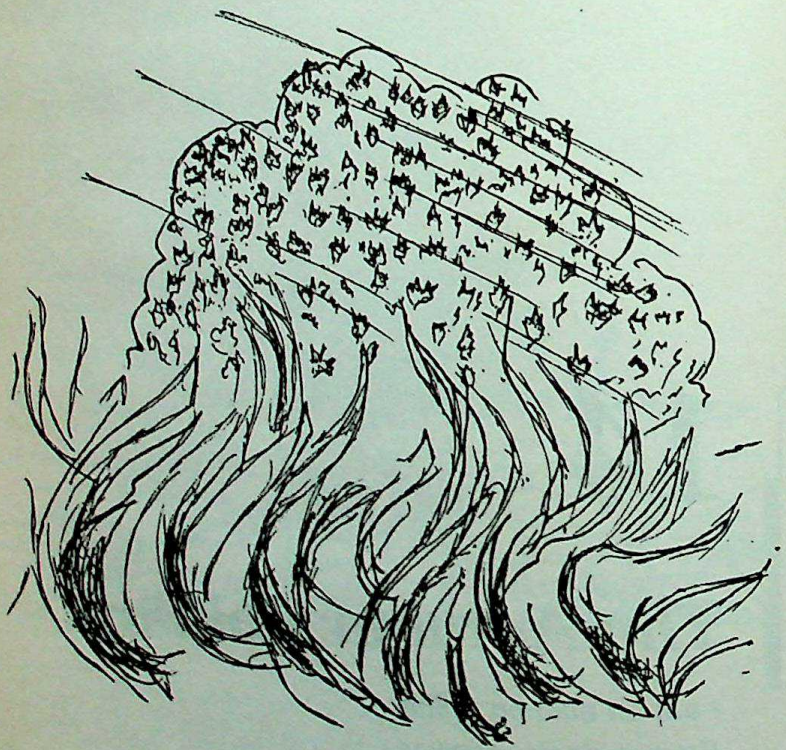

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Did you hear ?
That ancient like of me at Sopore
Is withered
I feel I have been here long enough
But, why I am here
I don't know.

I watch the earth become fragrant
With my falling leaves
In the Ashram of sages & saints
Temples and Shrines
Yogis, musicians,dancers
The trustee's
Surrounded by savants
And my heart dances
Unmindful of the winter to come
Leaving essence and fragrance lingering.

A gust of wind, elemental in power
Sweeps through my being
My leaves scatter
I do not care whether I live or not
I have had a long life
I spent my whole life in service
And I am proud of this

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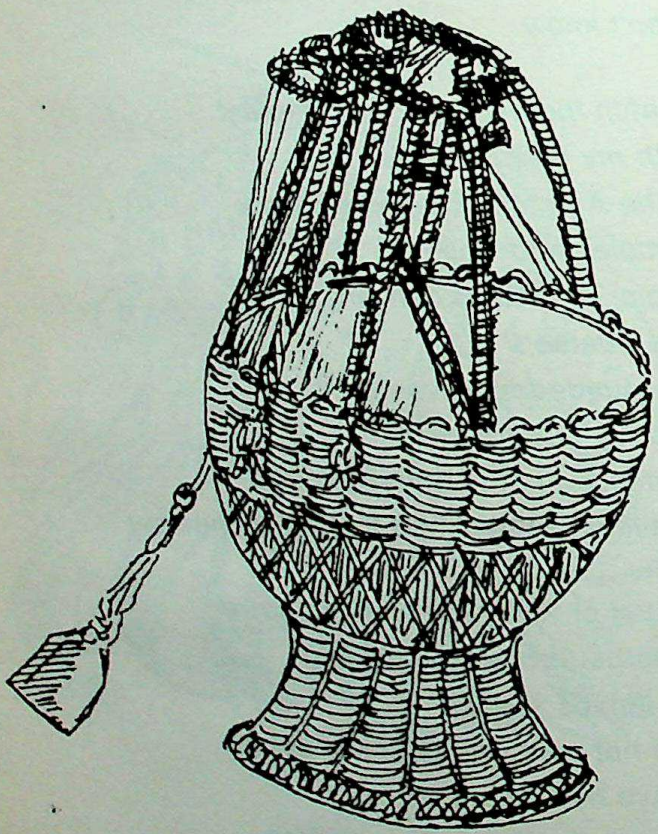

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I still continue to serve
My leaves still burn to form ***Kangri*** *Charcoal*
To warm you up
And
Every remnant of mine
Provides energy without end.

Why do you feel the pangs of death ?
Death is inevitable
But extinction impossible
Don't you hear the evening cries
Of migrating birds from the vast deserts of Siberia
Towards ***Mansbal Rakh***
Bringing listening delight in you
Though on the verge of extinction
But not extinct.

I am an Autumn Chinar
Bare, grey and desolate
But within me lies the future
A thousand springs of divine service
Of the land and its people
An unknown everlasting treasure.

Kangri : *Fire-pot used by the people of Kashmir to warm themselves during winter months.*

Mansbal Rakh : *A known bird sanctuary in the valley of Kashmir which is visited by birds of Siberia every Year.*

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15

Human Depravity

Bleary-eyed, sore, in the morn
I fell into a spell of meditation
To grasp the tribulations of those torn
By the fell swoop of pedlars desecration !

Extortions, Exactions, Pain and Privations,
All man-made, vile, wily human beast
Gloating, rejoicing over his game
Of sore deprivations !
Yet not tired, not tired, Oh ! of gory feast !

Muscle power, muscle men, gun culture
Holding sway in Kashmir, my Kashmir,
The seat of sight and sound, of human nature,
Whither fled love and distant Lute,
O, my beloved Kashmir !

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The guileless, gentle,
Smiling & friendly, hounded out
By Vultures, ruthless,
Feeding on human flesh:
Destined in exile
To live in shredded tents out
Witnessing misery interminable,
Incessant in mute hush !

Nature's bounties yet are constant, eternal,
But man silly scruples not to trample upon
To tarnish even the providence
Deep and primal
Invincible, indefeasible,
Blasphemy fails tread upon !

Remember, O, I floral grandeur
Of Kashmir, Jasmine and Pansy
Rose and Marigold,
Lives aquatic lovely gander
I stand exasperated, sunk in rotten fancy.

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16

Exile

Somewhere
In these years of exile
Has my life been lost
In long queues
For getting registered as migrant
In my own land
Searching shelter
Procuring eatables
Registering FIR for my burnt house
Questing after the surveyor
The insurance agent
In waiting for exams
Of the University,
Of life and God
And a long wait for results thereafter.

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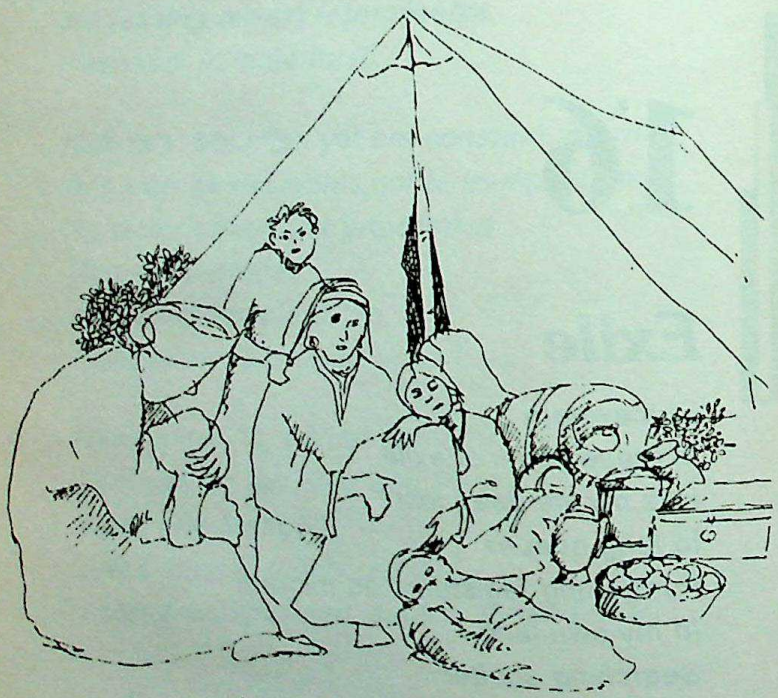

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Sometimes
I get lost in assessing
In these years
Why they have aligned themselves
To alien forces
When everyone of us
Was in fraternity
Living happily
Without violence of any kind
Always sharing
Pain and sorrow of one another.

Somewhere
In a nightmare
I view
The gutted bazars of the vale
Looted shops and houses
Bullet-riddled bodies
And
My eyes moisten
With their unforgiving acts
My memory rolls back
To that frosty weather
When I had to abandon
My place of birth
The land of my forefathers
Under the threat of getting decimated.

Some-day, methinks
The divine force

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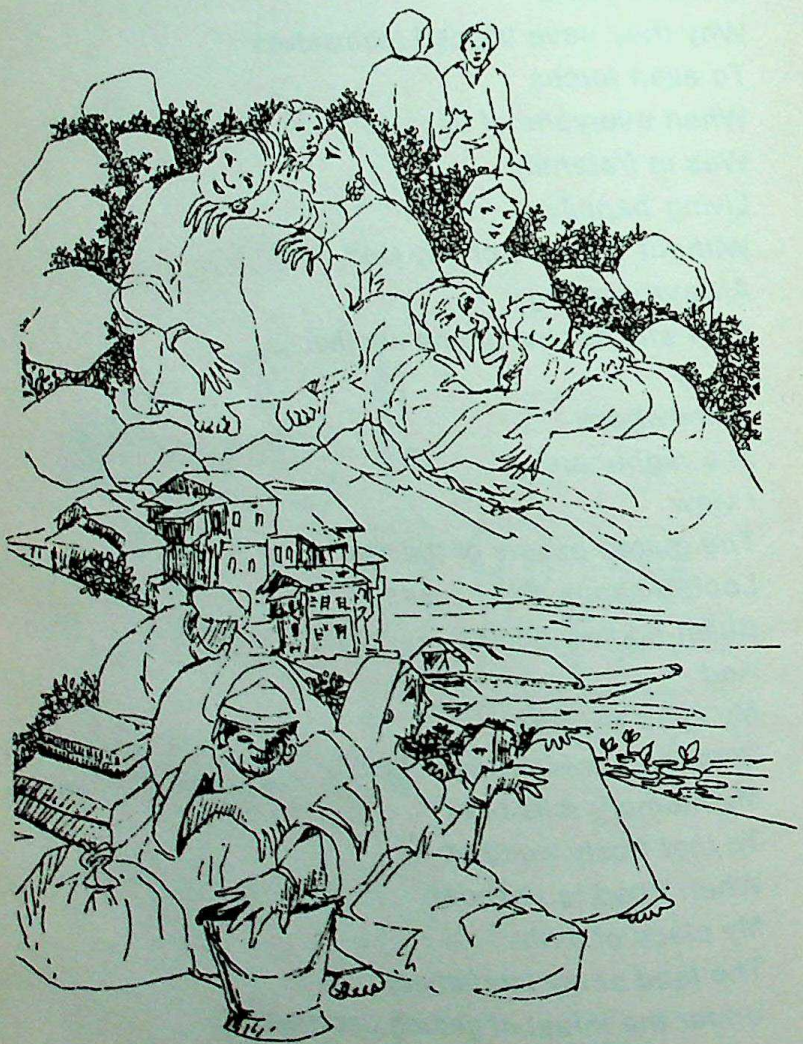

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Makes me hopeful
Next year will be different
Good sense will prevail
On all of them
The devastated
Houses, schools, bridges
The wails
Of mothers who lost their sons
Of wives who lost their husbands
Of people in exile
Will communicate them ruth,
And my vale
Will light up
The dismal sky
The earth will be filled up
With new sap
The buds and [redacted]
Will flutter
The mother Kali will stand
To seek Catharsis
Of our suffocated hearts
To weld and
Unite the weaned in one whole.

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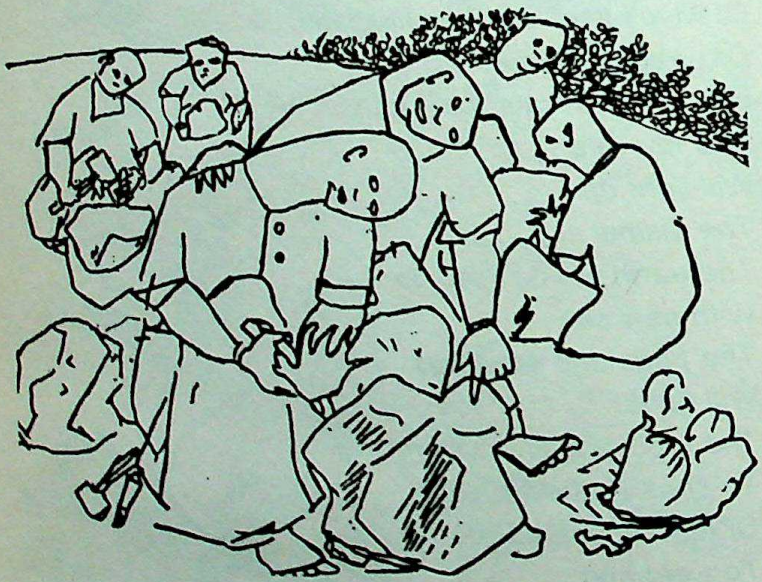

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17

Lord Plays

Your second odyssey
Through death dealing regions
In the valley of incertitude
Fears, disappointments, doubts
Pains and sufferings
Stood face to face to you
*The **Mohan*** of the **Jag****
And your goal
To control external and internal insurgency
Bring to knees the real culprits
Your wish
A palingenesis prior to metamorphosis
And your ideas-National regeneration
Were, Alas !
Turned to become abortive !

---

* **"Mohan"**
** **"Jag"**

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You were not the protector,
Nor were you the benefactor,
But a nursing orderly.
To all of us,
Mother is the protector
Mother is the wire puller,
We are all automata,
Her supreme will prevails
And
Can anybody resist Her will !
Like a baby playing with fragile toys
The infinite being,
Capable of creating and destroying Universes
Surfaced
By Her inspiring presence and direction
Asked us to go and live in tents
To save our honour.
Dubbed as killer and fundamentalist
You were denied even the opportunity
Of discussing the issue.
Your being called back
An unexpected disappointment,
A rude shock,
Haunts us and hurts us,
Gnaws us, burrows us & lacerates us.
Things would have been different
Had you been let remain there
As your work stands sans ambition
Your love for the Vale sans avarice

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Your purity marble clean
Your guidance immaculate and sincere
Finding no way out
You vented out
In the most marvellous book
Of Ninety-One,
What was going on around you
The harsh realities of gruesome deeds
Of dark stints and murderous assaults
And a roar of cataclysm.
You with innate potential,
Commitment to the countrymen,
Through pursuit of knowledge and truth
Served the humanity,
Dispersed throughout the climes
The truth
And truth only prevails.

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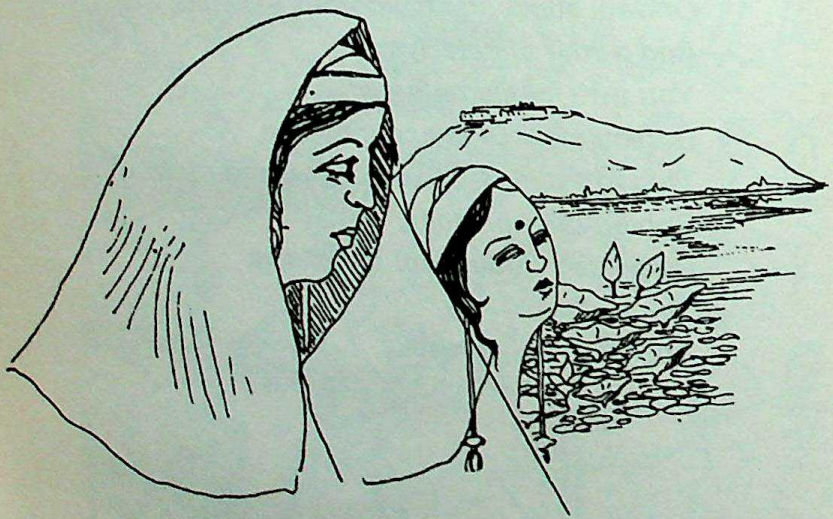

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18

To My Mother Kamla

Kamla, you ask about the Lotus,
The hills,
Snow-clad mountains,
Rivers and lakes;
The children, people, leaders.
Well, all these are there,
Rivers and springs,
Gardens and meadows,
And the children,
They are a peculiar breed,
Have an itch for the gun;
Amongst people
The rich have exported themselves,
Leaving the poor to linger.

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About the Leaders,
Nothing much has changed
They parade as knaves,
Distributing Sermons to the hungry !
And you, my dearst mother,
I could return you,
All kinds of loveliness and bounty,
Your lands, waters, flowers and mountains,
Had I an infinite store,
And if I could choose freely
From that great treasure-house !
I would give you back
All those things
Which you aspire for.
And to them
The faculty to discriminate
Between
What they want and want not.
If not too late yet,
Myself too wish to retrieve
What I long for.
But
Is it possible
To change the nature of a Bravado
And lure the Native
To mercilessly deflowered
Gardens and meadows ?

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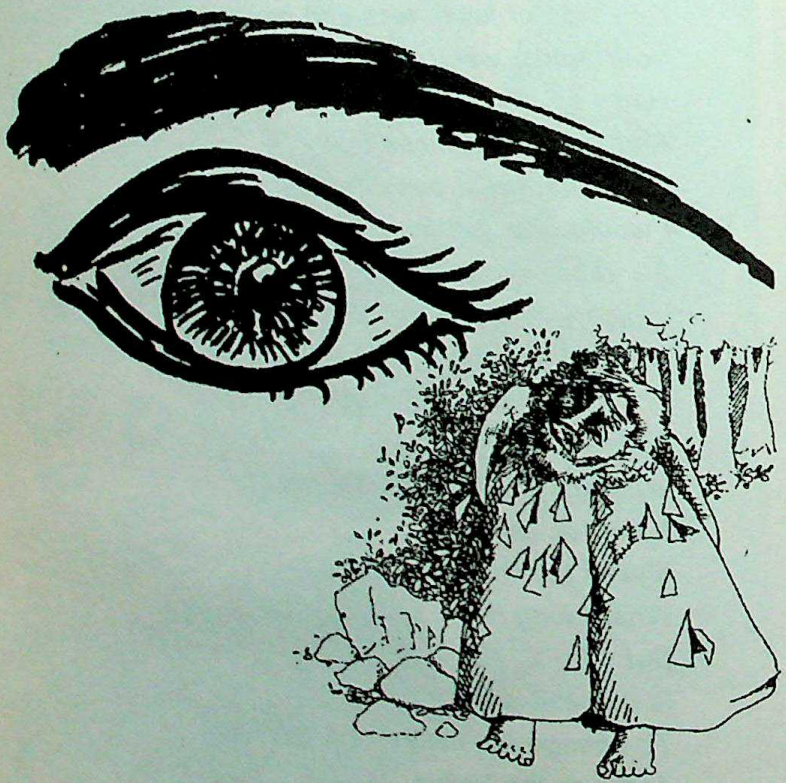

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19

A Renunciant

Where has he gone ?
He who has no name
He who knows no language
He who is born of unknown parents
He who has no childhood or youth, but
A known creature,
A common figure,
People call him ***Boni-Gud***
Dark and dirty human,
Tight matted - hair crowning his head
His face ? Ah ! a study by itself,
Pus - filled spots all over face,
Wrinkles on face filled with filth,
Hands black and mucky,
Nails as if claws,
Skin cracked like parched rain starved soil patches :

Boni-Gud : *He was called as he would deposit everything that struck his fancy in the interior of his loose garment-Kashmiri Pheran. This shape would, thicken the lower portion of his body to be compared with Chinar - tree trunk.*

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He on whose body would crawl
Insects and worms, feeding on his blood.
Occasional movement and scratches of skin
Of his hands
Would dislodge lice and dirt
From the niche of his being.

Where has he gone ?
He whose gapping wounds attract
Myriads of flies,
Making horrible buzzing !
And his skin
Insensate to touch.
Soles of feet, a thick pad,
Bereft of differentiation
Between hot tar road
And
Green turf.
Shit as good to him
As cream roll to a man
Who has a name.

Where has he gone ?
He who has many charming faces around
To look upon
But
He rarely glances at any countenance
To whom he is all impervious.

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Where has he gone ?
He, whose eyes full of lustre
Look only in one direction
Down, darting, to and fro
In search of anything
Discarded by rest of mankind
But precious to him.

Where has he gone ?
He who belongs to this vast tribe of beggars
But does not beg.
Indifference to ways of begging
Does make him
Not a beggar
And
No prayers to benefit the giver.
He is not a thief
But
Whenever, wherever
Visualises anything worth his fancy
Puts the same in his rag.

Lo! He found a big container,
Terribly excited !
Not knowing what to do
Embraced the same
Kissed a thousand times
And hid it
From the eyes of beggars and thieves
In his rag
Humans with ignorant eyes

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Shouted :
Hey !
Look at the thief
A treasure has been stolen by him
Retorts promiscuous,
Beat him,
Kill him,
Cut him to pieces,
Echoed from every corner,
He left the treasure, as it were,
And
Ran away
Somebody from the crowd
To open the treasure
Lifted its lid
And
Every thief
Got cut into pieces
Killed and liquidated.

It was a bomb
Which the God-intoxicated
Had shelved within him
To save the mankind
But frightened and hounded
He flung it down
Causing what it did.
And greatmen carry
The load of sins of others
On themselves
As he wanted to.

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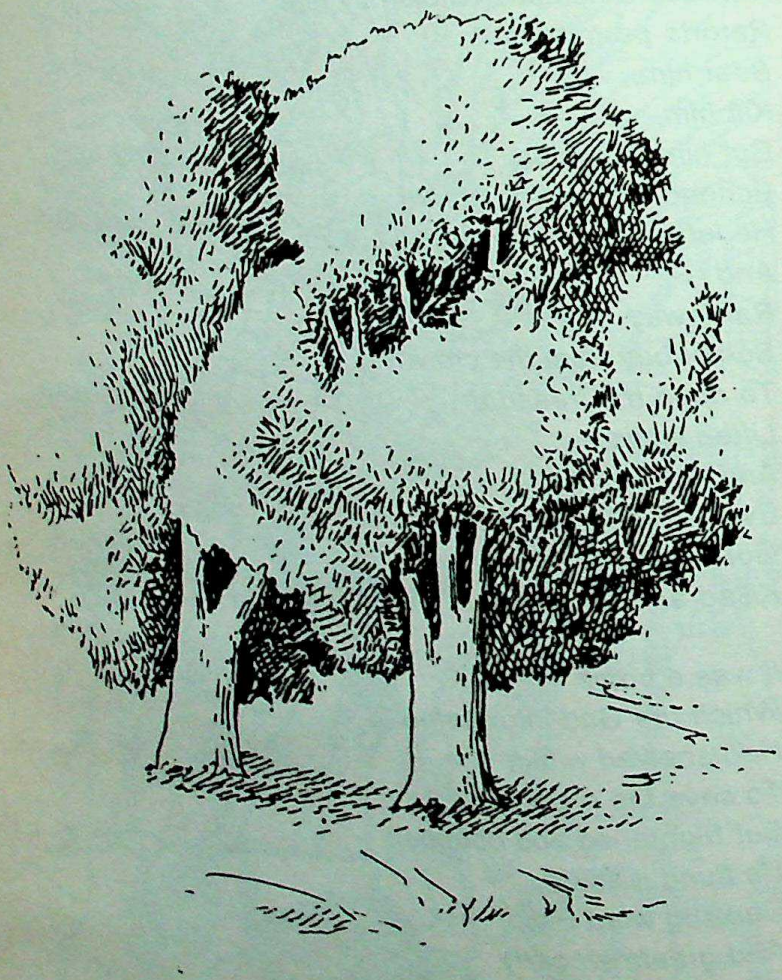

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20

My Nest

Out in the dark over the snow
How weak and little I felt
When under the heavy burden of the winter snow
The summer nest of mine had gone
And I never had noticed it
Untill it had become invisible
My obsession !
What would they do when I am gone ?
It was plain
They did without me
Enjoying my exile but perishing from within
Nourished by what has great value
But leaving them worthless
Here, I see them everywhere
In trains, buses,

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Moving on long zig-zag streets and highways
I am naught to them
But when I look behind
I see them disappearing carelessly
This is fifth time
That I have come this way
Now, it seems I never would be
And never had been
The ramification of the same tree
Where my nest existed
An irony of fate for those
Who still like to see their nests
In their places
Strange are their fantasies
Who don't see as they look
The dirty dingy winding drains
Making their way
In crystal clear waters of the lake
Now, if at all the spring will come again
After this night following such a day
It will be a dream
And the newly made nests
Will again get snow-clad
In the winter, to come

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21

The Benevolent Treasured

Resurrected
***Sikandar**, the iconoclast*
For his fanatic zeal
Stands out prominently
In prime of his youth
To demolish places of worship
Force exile, killings.
Never could he live long
Fanatics perish in public esteem
So does the fanaticism

Sikandar (1394-1417A.D.) *In the chain of Muslim rulers of Kashmir, the name of Sultan Sikandar is known even to this day for his fanatic zeal, known as But Shikan or the iconoclast, he demolished many temples in Kashmir and offered Hindus a choice between conversion or exile.*

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To make room for Pious and Benevolent,
Wise and Virtuous,
To enrich romantic legends & folk songs,
Love both Hindus & Muslims equally
Zain-ul-Abdin will follow
To call back all exiled,
Return grabbed lands,
Repair shrines,
Rebuild usurped buildings,
Reconstruct bridges,
Raise shrines and hospices
And
Give the land
Back its monumental &
Perennial pride,
By understanding the significance
Of Islamic thought and sufi ideas
And the Hindu thought & philosophy
The Best exposition of the spiritual revival
On the social & political scene in Kashmir
Has to surface.

Zain-ul-Abdin (1420-1470 A.D.) *Popularaly known as Badshah was one of the most progressive rulers of Kashmir. No account of literary history of Kashmir during the Muslim period can be complete without a mention of his name, for he not only brought peace and good will in the spheres of religion and politics, but also left a lasting impression in the field of letters.*

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22

Laceration

She isn't ours
Though we belong to her.
Only we are the descendants
Of the Kashyap.

We have deified her
With love and devotion,
Guarded her,
Strove to maintain her identity,
But, Alas !
She abandoned us.

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Verily jealous of our devotion
To the Mother,
Her second son
My close and intimate crony
Recoiled ;
Took to gun and
Went on killing spree,
Asphyxiated us for breath
And made us abandon
The nests which we lived in.

The scoldings used about us
Creating hatred for us in exile
Caused stab wounds in our innards,
But, we weathered this all.

It is not easy to cast a stone.
The real sinner is tried at stake.

How long can one shut his eyes
And grope in the dark.
No need to envenom others minds
And call hate the triumph

The history is eternal, no fire
Can wipe it out,
The pain resides in mind
And lingers on.
I won't elaborate more
As you may know thereabout
In no distant futurity.

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23

The Trinity in Kashmir

Who is superior
You, He or Me ?
Ordinary beings as we are,
To reach final verdict
On the disputed point
Wherefrom to call Lord Shiva
To create Holy Lingam
Of bright light
and ***VISHNU***
After descending down to the
lower extremity of the Holy Lingam
Admit his failure
Of not findling the terminating point;
Also ***BRAHMA***
Who after ascending up
The Holy Lingam
And
Not finding the terminating point
To lying in reply to ***SHIVA***
Of having seen
The end of the holy light
Through his fifth head.

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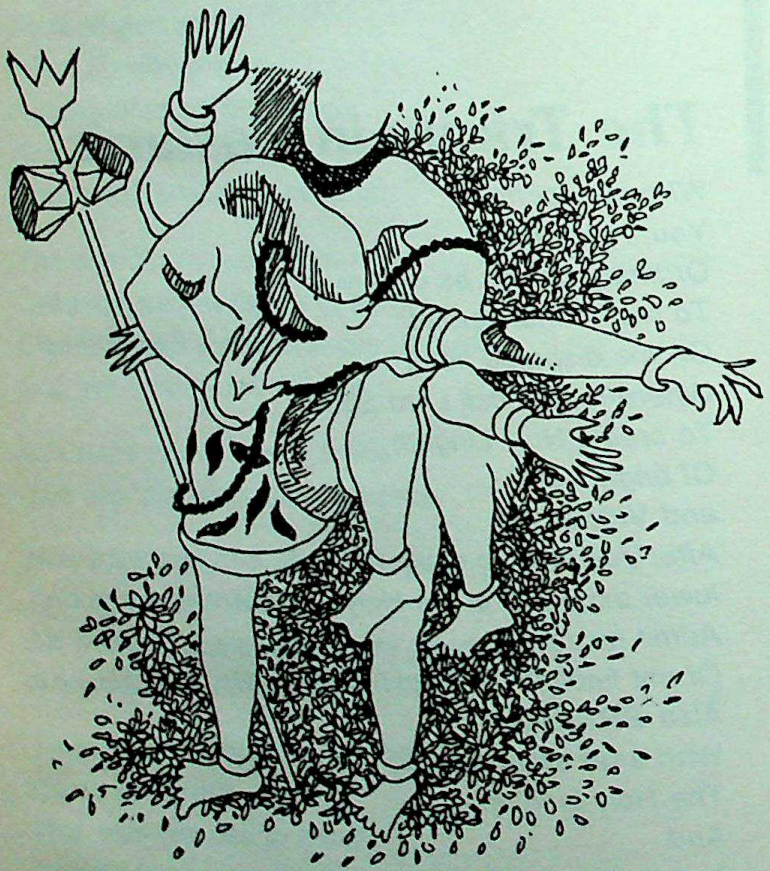

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Has ever anybody
Found the terminal,
To find out
Who is right and who wrong,
Who superior and who inferior,
Who a sinner and who god-fearing,
Who to be hated & who loved
And to
Choose between the two
Sword or Argument
Justice and Injustice
Only best reason
Of severing the head
Of liars
Can be thought of ?

I am not a liar
You or He too is not one
Nor do we claim
To bank upon truth also.
No patriots claim to be so
Heads also we do not have many
To get one severed
But enlightened we are
Having seen the light
As claimed by all of us.

We are all
One is crying :
God save the valley
Lest we lose what

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We achieved in centuries
Of perseverance.
It took us aeons to
Ascend from Zero to one
She is all we know and love
and we trust
She is good and must endure,
Loving her so;
And as we love her & ourselves
We should hate her foe.

Lies, blatant lies
All admitted liars
You, He and Me
Do not get our heads severed
As there is no head, like of BRAHMA
Also Lord Shiva will not
Now succeed
In washing away His sin
Again at ***KAPALMOCHAN***
Of the valley
So sacred a place
After severing any head.

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24

My Neighbour's Visit

Four years after my exile
The first time my Valley neighbours visited me
They queried dolorously "Are you happy, tell us ?"
It was a vague query
And I could'nt help laughing at it.
I in return queried about the same
They cried, sobbed
And in between tears and sobs
Nodded, indicating neither yes nor no.
On probing said,
"Unfrightened at 9.30 pm and in fright at ten,
Happy on monday and unhappy on tuesday",
That is how they pass on the day

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I wanted to tell them how all of us,
They and we,
Lived together happily
In our homes and hearths previously.
I wanted, moreover, to tell them how
Most of us weep at the feet of almighty
On subjecting us to exile for no fault of ours
And request Him to punish the guilty.
I wanted to tell them how
All of us struggle hard for survival
In extreme cold of January
Burning heat of mid June and
Driving rains in July under tattered tents
With snakes and scorpions around.
It was' nt easy to be happy in exile,
But they were looking lamb-like
At my clean-shaven face
And tidy dress.
Their wrinkled hands, tired eyes
And weather-beaten Countenances
Bespoke their inner feeling
So I lent hearing to everything of theirs
And smiled a smile of
Meaningful wonderment.

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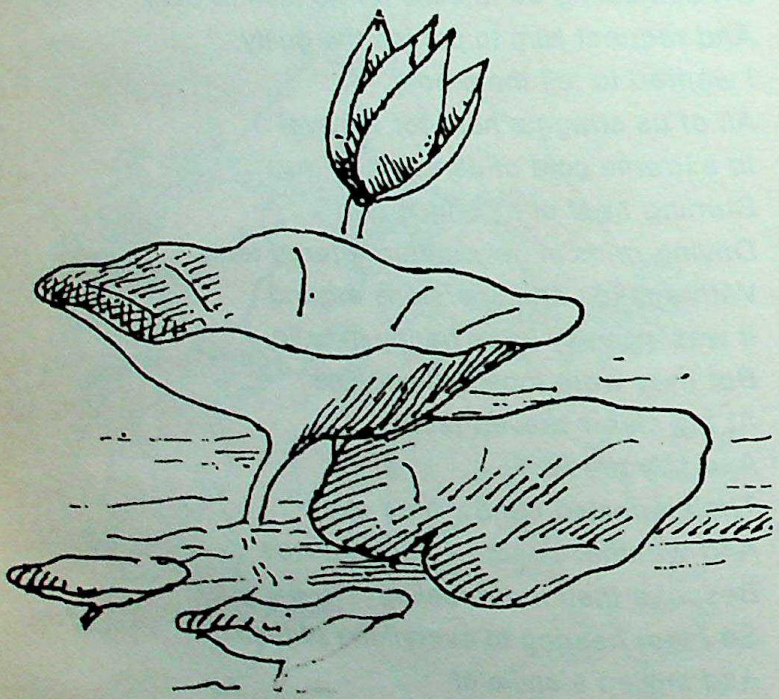

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25

Trip me

I hear a call
Call from the flushed Jehlum bosom
The Imperious Jehlum
By the Bank of which I
Bathed, Swam, laved,
Frisked and merry made,

Cascades, Cataracts,
Roaring, Rustling waters
Of the tyrst of joy and peace
Beckon me, offer salutations
Ogle, Eye me amorously.

But whither to go
Would that cool draught
Entertain me, Hug me !
Whither the enthralling
Music, the Muse, the Symphony

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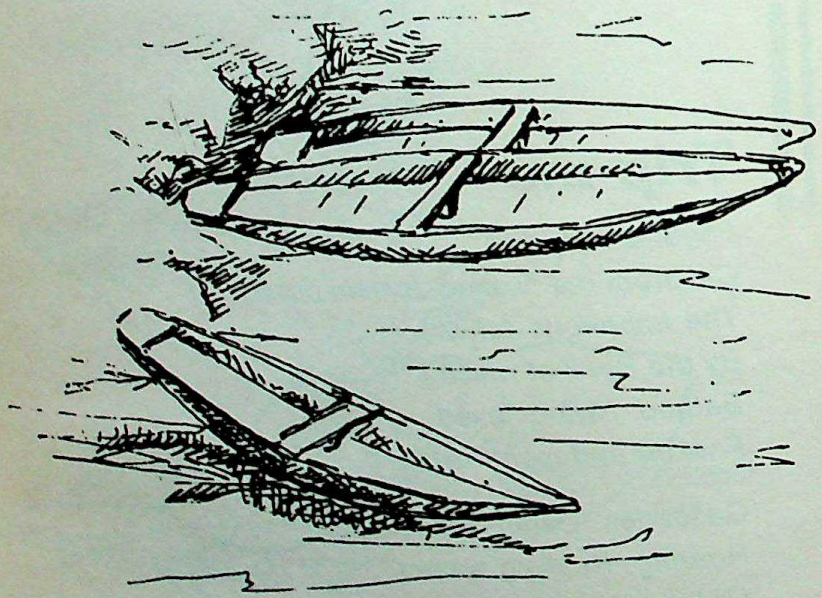

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The gyrating birds, the lark
And the Cukoo !
Heard, but not seen !
The devise leafage provide cover !
Their reflection the limpid
Dal waters bear, bear yet !
Sans me, what are they ?
Who to view their crest ? Crestfallen now !

I nostalgically recall Khirbhawani
The greatest of great Shrines,
Of Vivekananda, Ramtirtha,
Aurobindo !
And of Nivedita,
Of me, us, tens of thousands
Condemned to exile !
Would that the cool river
Ringing it, recall me to a
Bath therein, to rejuvenate and refresh,
And to have date with perennial verdure !

My Khirbhawani, my Salutations
To Thee - forlorn, morose,
Sad and glum I am
Sans you ! I remember Thee,
I silently lacerate, yet hope
To repair to thee, pray Springs !
Thou into action.

Vale Mine, thou art
Perennially within my sad bosom !
Hard to forget, the
"Emerald set in stone"...
As thou are called
Would you incorporate me
Again, or not !

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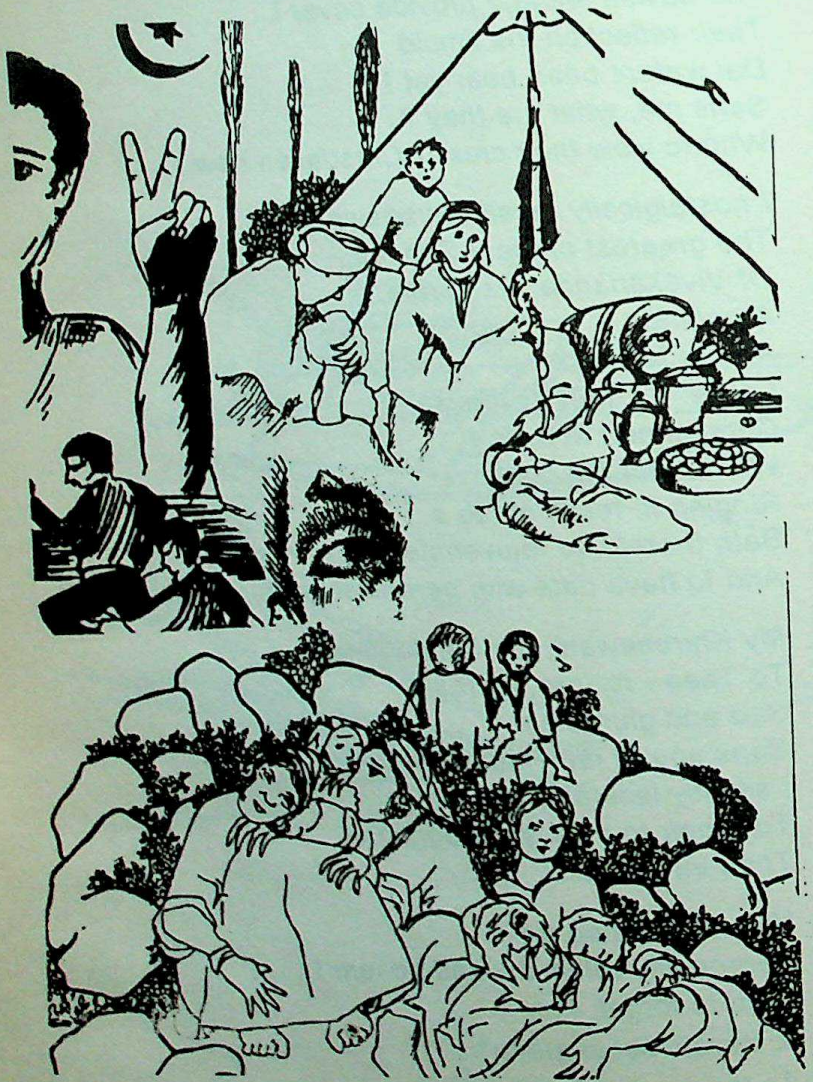

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26

Liberation ?

Deserted streets and gory spectacle :
The ruthless ultras revelling in
Mayhem & murder, rape & rapine,
Use for the bloody carnage
And foul deeds of stripping women
The minority houses now desolate
Sans owners : the dens of their
Weaponary now they are
Oh! whither the hapless owners
Is it Liberation ?

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Homes are in perpetual scare
Insurgents on the mindless spree
Of killing and shootouts sans ruth
Mothers wail in sleepless nights
Over the mad bravado of their boys,
The golden orb in the welkin
Beckons tranquility
Heedless, masked elements engage in eliminating
The innocent
And the defenders advance in line
Of duty to curb insurgency.
Exchange of shootouts
Sleeping gentry rush out of
Homes, Anathimatising
Ultras, shouting : Is it Liberation ?

Mob after mob wend in frenzy
Their way forward
Seeing the ghoulish game of
Instant elimination of human numbers;
Plaintive cries reverberate from afar
God, Oh God, Thou art merciless
Unmoved, compassionless
Unmindful of carnage around.
Youth slumping to death
One after the other, humanity
Turned to rubble, emblems
Of dross and dregs
Sapient rue to say :
Is this Liberation ?

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The rosy streaks of Dawn
Cast fragrance around.
Nature does play its part
Against the wanton human brutality
Sun shines in the welkin
Nocturnal savagery witneseth thaw :
The atrocious liberators have
Gone into hiding, seized of
Murderous notions for future :
I stand here open eyed and burst out
I am free, liberated, emancipated,
The silken tassel of my rose is alive
I breathe freedom, emancipation
I am blithe, not tossed down,
The penitent disruptor envies me.

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27

Casus belli

Overpowered by burden of carnage
You have indulged in
Many years have slipped away
When you diabolically
Burried thyself
In wanton spree of killing,
Now, the tide of time has turned
And the not-to-be subdued wrath
Of the affected you be ready
To face
Thine action was brutish and savage
And the flood of retribution
And nemesis will engulf you
Sooner than later
As million guns stand arrayed,
Focussed on you,
To execute the revenge

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28

Pain Throb

Shall I not impress my skill ?
Why, why to stifle it ?
This is my trait and can't kill,
Deem it darkling to be fit !

Chronicle I not my dreams !
Not sweet memories and mementos !
But my shrieks, shuddering screams
And the wails of fallen desperado !

Life anon went haywire
Dejection, rejection, ejection came my way !
The strings are broken of my lyre,
The sun-down befalls my once-gay day !

Bewildering, flabbergasting,
Something overtook me
I run the riot of extreme dismay !
Remiss, residue, kin and kindred take me !
No more, Ah ! no more, the roseate fall of day !

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Come thou with me and I show thee,
The lump of fearless-young perishing galore !
But I sulk, suffer, thou mine ! for thee !
Smarting, bleeding enow is my inner core !

Shun fear ; fear is sin,
No eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation here !
Reckon it, thou distressed,
And drink ale to drown gnawing care !

True to ourselves let us be
And awaken to the occasion valourously
No silly murderous spree should it be,
No display of rancour and mean pusillanimity !

Decapitation and beheading a pastime is !
Slaughter and killing a wanton spree !
Bestiality and barbarity a hobby is !
Dumb sensitivity shuddering in silence eerie !

Sinewless mass hail it bravery !
But forsooth, a neat knavery !
Death for cause ? What ? a Hilarity ?
Fie ! nay, nay a workshop of devilry !

But I shore up my being
And within me a lava I nurse !
Steady entirely do I my precious being
To crown with rapidity my stored curse !

Abhor I my self - Apostrophe !
Shun I wordy bunkum hence !
I stand and eliminate atrophy
To retrieve my adrift ilk hence !

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29

Resurrection

Can
The strong ties of
Mutual fraternity and camaraderie
Which have bound us together
For centuries
Be torn asunder
By fiats of
Fundamentalism ?

Each eye
Scans you and gauges you.
Relax and Repose
And Cogitate
Dispassionately
Of the evil
Your man - made
Boundries
Have generated

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Your Stand
Stands fallen,
Barren & unrewarded
Expectations
Are tumbling apace.

What you term
Justice
Is wanton Injustice,
Your service
To humanity
Is assuredly disservice.

Your sins galore
Will recoil on you,
Hurting you
In Infernal fire
Helpless and hapless.

The more
You subject me to torture
And death,
The more
I get hardened
Against thine
Deeds of darkness

I forsooth will defy
The outrageous onslaught
And survive
With my brethren
And Ressurrect on my soil.

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30

The Right Path

You for your faith
Sacrifice life,
While I for life
Sacrifice faith.
Which is the right path
Continuance of harsh sprees
Or halt, to open up new vistas ?
Leave the first and return to halt
The golden halt, for humanity's sake.

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31

Cherisheth a New Order

To achieve the long cherished
Design of consolidated organisation
With sword,
The sole arbiter of power,
To destroy and plunder
Old metros and elegant mansions,
To replace the pristine grandeur
By false glitter and corrupt miasma,
To become the overlords to rule
And fan
Fen-sucked atmosphere of stink.
Yet displaced,
The supine great contemplate to shift,
And huddle them at places,
According to them
Invulnerable;
But forsooth more pregnable for insurgents
To render murderous sprees.

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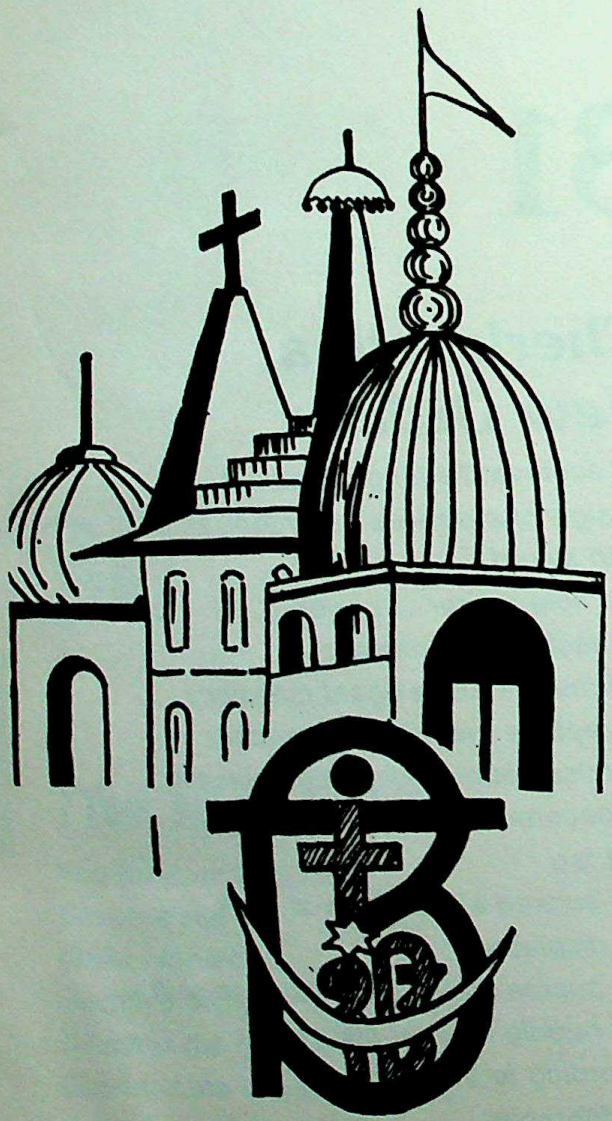

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A new era that
Abhors what goads
Man to commit Harakiri
And mayhem against his co-fellows,
Religion and Religious places
To be revered and adored;
For religion beckons
Elasticity of mind
And camaraderie,
Not bigotry and fanaticism
A new order likely to dawn.

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32

Clarion Call

Our country is ours ;
Of this we are confident !
We inherit it-it, our patrimony !
Our country is ours.

No divisions can gain hold,
Schemes of separating, alienating,
Expelling, shall tumble and crumble !
Our country is ours.

Destruction, divide and rule,
We know to resist ;
We know to burst,
Our country is ours.

That they are right,
They are on the path right,
They will recover our identity,
Is erroneous, our country is ours.

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The seat of power is ours,
The citadel of sovereignty ours,
The day is stamping, hastening !
That our country is ours.

Scanning, Scheming, Projecting
All against us, the crown of
All majesty, grace and excellence,
That our country is ours

To Unite, to assimilate,
To rise to the occasion as one ;
We know it, construe it we ;
And our country is ours.

We seek justice,
We seek fair play,
If delayed, denied, we know
To gate-crash, our country is ours.

Renounce the culture we can't !
Abandon the heritage we shalln't !
De-identify us ? We will not bend,
And our abode is ours !

We summon our intellectuals,
Our cream, crux, the sap of
Being, who wouldst thwart us ?
No, never, our anchor is ours !

Align for action, dear mine !
Tighten thy belts and armour !
Suspend indolence and revelry
To redeem intruded mooring of ours !

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The land belongs to thee
Thou font, Inexhaustible,
Thee, we dote upon, our support
The sheet-anchor of the soil that is ours.

To thee, budding hope of mine,
Of teeming, swarming, but dwarfed,
Gird up thine loins, and
Rescue the country that is ours !

Eternally the land belongs to thee
To thee, to thee, And to thee,
Break not in tempest and
Assert to salvage soil that is ours !

Education, Dignity, Pride
Thine share, mine share,
Who can rob us, debar us ?
And who to stop us to our country ?

Power is ours, to our side,
No sacrifice to be too great,
To restore the scattered
Mosaic of the emerald that is ours.

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33

New Season's Bounty

To
Herald the dawn of new season
Blue sheet of clear sky
And
The silvery disc of moon
Rises
Higher and higher.

Pure saffrons
Begin to blossom
And the valley wakes up
From deep slumber.

Tender village damsels
To dance
Their flowing rhythmic figures
Come out
Of their homes.

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A sweet fragrance
Enchanting and alluring
Spreads around
To attract every passer by.

The beauty
And the grandeur
Of vast sea of purple blossoms
Laden with intoxicating perfume
In harmony
With the tune of
Dancing damsels
Makes the nature, too
To sing and dance.

All, men and women
Forget themselves
And
Join in merriment.

Hot summer days
Have begun to wear out,
Cool refreshing incense breathing breezes blow.
The sky azure
And moon full, indeed
Have come out in bold relief.

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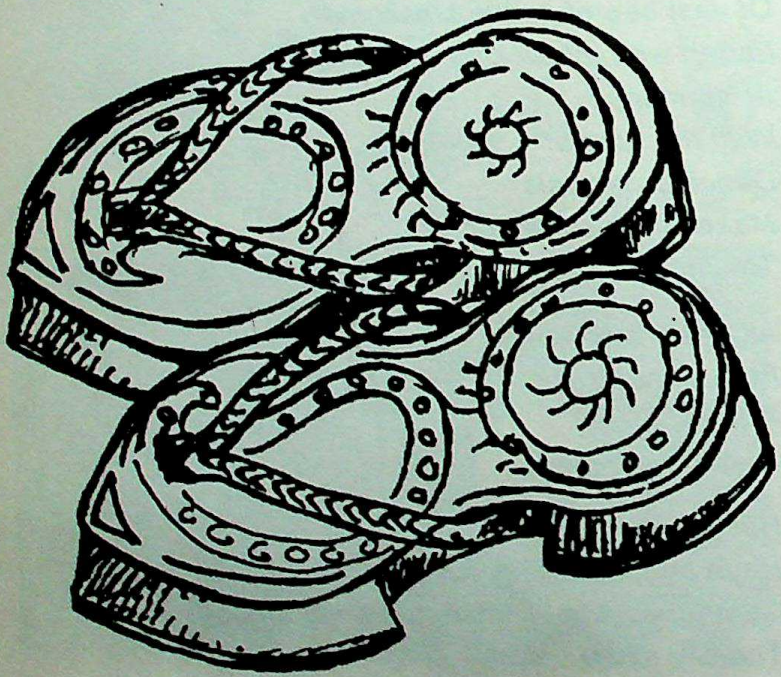

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34

Moorings

I have come back
Somehow from somewhere far;
The mist, the chill, the calm
Welcomes me
Means the same familiar pleasant thing,
Strange too
Yet with no bar,
This is my land.

One Nationality we have
They & me have same ancestry
Though, in past ten years
I have never come this way,
But never it seems,
I never could be
And never had been anywhere else.

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Born in the picturesque Valley of Kashmir at Syed Ali Akbar, Srinagar in the year 1947, M.K.Raina Ratnakar is a postgraduate of the Kashmir University. Prior to joining the Electronic Media in the year 1977, he has served the J&K Education Department in different capacities for a decade.

An Indian Broadcasting (Programme) Service Officer today, he serves the media in the Programme Management Cadre of Doordarshan.

Many of his articles have been published in different magazines and newspapers.

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INTRUDED
MOORINGS

THE KASHMIR PERSPECTIVE

For centuries in the past, the spiritual and intellectual excellence of Kashmir has been a beacon light of wisdom to whole of Asia. Here flourished various literary and cultural movements which became a dynamic force, influencing the cultures and civilizations far and wide. The scholars of this land have been famous for their piety and scholarship. Glowing tributes have been paid to the achievements of the intellectuals of the land.

Religion for Kashmiris has been a purely personal affair and has rarely alienated them from the cultural and historical tradition of the past. The Culture of Kashmir knew no limitations consequent to sectarianism though conflicting civilizations ever since the dawn of history penetrated here from earlier times. But, unfortunately the recent insurgence in the valley from across the borders to create divisions of caste and creed has been able to make a dent. Much water has flowed down the river Jehlum in the last six years and the time is very ripe now for the Kashmiris to rise to the occasion and show that the common ideals and aspirations cherished by them are going to bind them together afresh.

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